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IN SPITE OF OUR impressive delegation to the Pan-American Conference, and President Machado at hand to say "Me too," the intended love feast at Havana was interrupted early in its sessions by the rude manners of several delegates in kicking Uncle Sam's legs while stretched out under the table. Dr. Guerrero, Salvador's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was elected as chairman of the important committee on the codification of international law, began his work by telling the newspaper correspondents that he thought disputes between American nations should be decided by compulsory arbitration and that internal difficulties should be settled by every country for itself. Honorio Pueyrredon, Argentine Ambassador in Washington, followed by giving notice of his intention to move for amendments to the constitution of the Pan-American Union. Mexico demanded a change of officership in that body, and Peru's delegation also joined the camp of the malcontents. An air of unrest among other delegations suggested that they might be heard from as the conference progressed. Even love feasts are sometimes indigestible.

NOT ONE WOMAN sits as a delegate in the sessions of the Pan-American Conference at Havana. Even as stenographers they hold an inferior rank. In the official list of the delegations male stenographers appear as "secretarios"; the one woman listed otherwise than as a marital appendage to her husband appears as a "mecanografa"—although she does the same work as a "secretario." The resolution of a previous conference, patting the ladies on the back and recommending that one or two be permitted to sit as delegates in future, was completely forgotten until the resolute battalions of the Woman's Party, led by Doris Stevens, appeared in Havana. These women began with a mass meeting, largely attended; they stirred up the Cuban women and gave interviews galore to the abundant newspapers of Havana; they had a talk with Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante, president of the conference. They demanded that in the new code of international law a provision be included guaranteeing throughout this hemisphere equal rights for men and women. It sounds sweeping; but if the nations can draw up treaties for eight-hour working-days and prohibit certain types of phosphorus matches, equal sex rights too may be a fit subject for international action. And if they do not win their treaty—and they will not—at least these women will have advertised the anachronism of the old codes and have given a healthy jolt to the mechanized course of the conference.

FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE in Nicaragua we have received the following cablegram, urging immediate assistance to native sufferers from our latest attempt at "peaceful penetration." Although President Coolidge and Mr. Hughes have, according to their own words, only the tenderest and most friendly feelings for the Latin-American countries, including Nicaragua, to us this sounds more than ever like a war:

> Advise collection all available funds to buy quinine, bandages, and medicine for sick soldiers and civilians, also those wounded by aeroplane and land attacks, and to aid those now homeless as a result of bombing of defenseless towns. [Funds] should be sent to Red Cross Section, Autonomist Association of Nicaragua, President Jose de Jesus Zamora, 11 Avenida Sur, No. 22, San Salvador.

WHO IS MONCADA? Every time that the situation in Nicaragua becomes tense the State Department publicity staff produces a statement from Jose Maria Moncada, "leader of the Liberal Party," heartily indorsing American intervention, and asserts that it proves that both parties in Nicaragua love the Marine Corps. Who is Moncada? Well, this is his record:

1888-1892—Writer on the staff of a Conservative Party newspaper in Managua.

1893—Participated in a Conservative revolution.

1894—Asked President Zelaya (Liberal) to appoint him member of Congress. (Zelaya refused, and Moncada went to Costa Rica.)

1897—Returned, and published pamphlet at Liberal government printing plant. Then reemigrated.

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1906—Took office as Assistant Secretary of State in a Conservative Government in Honduras, and supported Honduras in her war against Nicaragua.
1909—Returning to Nicaragua, participated in Conservative revolution against Zelaya.
1910—Assistant Secretary of War in Estrada Conservative Government.
1911—Secretary of State in same Cabinet with Adolfo Diaz, the Marine Corps' present President of Nicaragua.
1912—In New York on salary from Diaz.
1920—Deserted Conservative Party and rejoined Liberals.
1927—General in the Liberal Army.
1927 (April)—Sold out to Henry Stimson, President Coolidge's commissioner, at $10 per gun.

Who is Moncada? He is one of the most shameless and persistent turncoats in Latin-American history, a disgrace to any cause he supports. His hurrahs for the Marine Corps will not help the United States in Nicaragua.

SENATOR DILL of Washington had much the best of Senator Bruce of Maryland in their tilt in Congress the other day over Nicaragua. Reading from *The Nation* [What They Die For, January 25], Senator Dill said that the State Department had virtually compelled the Diaz Government to borrow $1,000,000 from New York bankers, part of which was used to bribe the leaders of the Liberal army to lay down their arms. Then followed this dialogue:

SENATOR BRUCE. I thank God they were sent. With or without quarter the marines never surrender.

SENATOR DILL. The Senator from Maryland cannot dodge this issue by glorifying the marines. The question here is whether we shall maintain troops in a foreign country in order that a few Americans shall make enormous profits out of their investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. I deny that our President and our Secretary of State had any such motive.

SENATOR DILL. Let's not argue about motive; the fact is we went in on the pretense of protecting American lives, and we have stayed in to protect investments already made and to enable American bankers to make still greater investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. Every time we have gone into a Central American country we have carried a blessing.

SENATOR DILL. The blessing of bullets.

SENATOR BRUCE. Sometimes a bullet in the bosom of a bandit is a blessing to everybody else.

SENATOR DILL. Yes, that was what some people in Great Britain said about George Washington one time.

A TARIFF REVOLT in sight at last? It seems too good to be true, but there the figures are. By a vote of 54 to 34 the Senate has demanded an immediate revision of the present tariff law though the bill was lost in the House of Representatives by a vote of 183 to 164. A change of ten votes would have carried it, and this in the face of the President's and Mr. Mellon's ultimatum that there should be no tariff revision now. It is even said in Washington that if the Democrats had been clever enough to add to the title a phrase suggested by Representative Hull to the effect that it was to be "a revision for the particular purpose of aiding agriculture" it would have passed triumphantly. Indeed, jealousy in the House at the Senate's originating a tariff move and thus encroaching in slight manner upon the sacred prerogative of the House may have been responsible for the defeat. More than that, the Senate malcontents are now reported to be planning a series of tariff amendments to be attached as riders to the coming tax-reduction bill. All of this shows the handwriting on the wall, and even the most hide-bound protectionists in Washington now admit that tariff revision is inevitable in 1930.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Soviet Government of Russia, an advertisement of Russian bonds has appeared in the financial columns of American newspapers. This advertisement announces that the State Bank of the USSR in Moscow "guarantees payment of principal and interest *in dollars*" of bonds issued by the Russian Government, provided such bonds bear a special certificate to that effect. This arrangement applies to the recently issued 9 per cent Soviet Railway Loan. All bonds must at present be bought through the foreign department of the State Bank of Moscow; but the interest and principal will be paid through correspondent banks in this country—the Chase National Bank in New York, the Amalgamated Bank of Chicago, the Bank of Italy in San Francisco. Thus, without benefit of State Department or diplomats, Russia modestly takes its place in the financial comity of nations. When a government can successfully float its bonds abroad its need of the blessing of foreign offices becomes less acute. The relationship will not be complete and intimate until bonds themselves, bearing reasonable interest, can be bought through American banks; but this first step is an important one—more important, we suspect, than it looks on the surface.

IT IS NOW ADMITTED that negotiations between Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand for a treaty between the two countries outlawing war have entirely broken down and the Coolidge Administration has thus scored another one of its disastrous failures in diplomacy. In large measure this is due to Mr. Kellogg's attempting to widen the original Briand proposal for a permanent treaty to outlaw war between the two countries into a multi-national treaty bringing in a number of other nations. The final French reply delivered at the State Department on January 21, although cordial and friendly in tone, is reported by the press to be "vague," indicative of no progress whatever. Our Government, it is reported, will therefore fall back upon the immediate duty of renewing the Root arbitration treaty with France, which expires by limitation on February 27. The original plan of a compact making forever impossible any war between the United States and France would have been a great advance in international relations and could have been copied in our dealings with other countries. We do not see why the principle should not now be applied individually to other nations such as Great Britain and Germany, and we trust that the State Department will proceed along that line, if it can pull itself together after this fresh debacle.

BY A VOTE OF 61 TO 23 the United States Senate has barred Frank L. Smith, Senator-elect from Illinois, from taking his seat, and all of the politicians in Illinois, tainted and untainted, are holding up their hands in holy horror at this precedent-creating action. Governor Small declares that he will not recognize the action of the Senate and that Mr. Smith will have his support in every effort he makes to enforce his right to his seat. The denial of the Senator's place he calls an "affront to Illinois" and an "act without legal sanction." In the Senate Mr. Borah finally swung to exclusion although he has felt it unwise from a

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strictly legal point of view. Senator Norris declared that "it is not the State of Illinois knocking at the doors; it is Mr. Insull demanding the admission of Colonel Smith." Senator Reed of Missouri was again most usefully truth-telling. He said that no one denied that Mr. Smith came to the Senate "with unclean hands on a crooked path." Replying to the argument that Illinois voters had elected Mr. Smith knowing all the facts, Senator Reed admirably exclaimed: "The cloak of a majority vote no more purges villainy of its iniquity than a coat of whitewash can transmute a sepulchre filled with the bones of dead men into a place of pleasure." The Senate may, indeed, have established a dangerous precedent, but how grateful such an outburst of righteous indignation is in the fetid atmosphere of the political corruption of today! The Senate has honored itself and it will be applauded by the country.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS of soda lime in the torpedo room of the submarine S-4 would have kept the six men entombed there alive for approximately thirty-three hours longer than they lived, according to testimony by Lieutenant Commander G. H. Mankin, a naval doctor, before the court of inquiry investigating the disaster. Oxygen without soda lime was useless, according to the doctor, since it would have increased the air pressure without purifying the air. Air was finally introduced into the torpedo compartment on the night of December 21, about 100 hours after the submarine was hit and within the estimated thirty-three-hour margin of safety. And when Lieutenant Commander Roy K. Jones, in command of the S-4, now deceased with his crew, put in an order last year for soda lime he was informed that it might be supplied him "in the fiscal year 1929." What a wicked sacrifice of human life! What a navy!

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE of the editors of the twenty-six Scripps-Howard daily newspapers and the general managers of the entire group, after a two-days' session, the support of these dailies has been given to Herbert Hoover. This is the most powerful accession to his strength which Mr. Hoover has yet received, so far as the daily press is concerned. For the Scripps-Howard papers are as a whole the most liberal group which we have, and their decision is the more remarkable because the most ardent press supporters of Mr. Hoover to date have been the most reactionary organs of opinion such as the Curtis papers, the Chicago *Tribune,* and others, owned by extremely rich men who are entirely hostile to the progressivism of 1912 and 1924. The value of this Hoover support is apparent when one remembers that the Scripps-Howard paper in Cleveland was largely responsible for the carrying of that city by La Follette. At the same time, while all the outward omens are favorable, Mr. Hoover's victory in the convention is not yet assured. Mr. Mellon and Calvin Coolidge will decide the nomination unless an unexpected bolt within the party takes the decision away from them. Obviously the time is now approaching when Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge will have to take a position in regard to the former's continuance in the Cabinet—Mr. Hoover is running in the New Hampshire primary which is to be held on February 24. The political gossip is that if Mr. Hoover is to be given the Presidential blessing he will stay in the Cabinet; if not he will make his fight on the outside. Finally, the Scripps-Howard editors paid a warm tribute to Governor Smith for his record of achievement and promised to support him if the Republicans should nominate Dawes or Lowden, or some other man equally objectionable to the group.

George W. Goethals

A TRULY great and rarely modest American was General George W. Goethals, to whom, with General William C. Gorgas, must always belong the fame of having built the Panama Canal. Their distinguished assistants were almost as numerous as a battalion, and to some among them belongs the credit for having worked out certain of the technical difficulties which at first seemed unconquerable—it was Colonel David DuBois Gaillard who mastered the Culebra Cut. None the less, the leader was General Goethals; in his hands lay the responsibility for this greatest of all engineering feats. It was he who had to recruit and to inspire his huge army, to lay out for it its several tasks, to organize, to plan, to conceive, to carry through against all odds. He had at the outset to fight for his belief that it should be a lock canal and not a sea-level one, and he carried through his project after a special commission had inquired into the matter and upheld his policy. Modern sanitation, under the direction of General Gorgas, ended the terrible scourges which, during the De Lesseps regime, had made of the canal one vast graveyard. Together Goethals and Gorgas reduced the loss of life to limits which no one theretofore had deemed possible. But at the head was always General Goethals, giving to the outer world throughout those long years the impression of complete efficiency, serenity, and calm confidence in the success of the undertaking.

He was thus both a great organizer and a great engineer. Mountains came down before the machinery of his men; millions of tons of earth and rock were blasted and dug from their base; muck moved like Birnam Wood. Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the sea level and 150 square miles in extent, came into being. Besides Gorgas, Gaillard, Hodges, and Sibert were his leading corps commanders, seconding his every move and aiding him in the coordination of his forces into what will always remain a model of harmonious cooperation in a gigantic task. Foreign observers looked on, declared that the undertaking was impossible, remained to wonder, and ended by expressing their astonished admiration.

Looking back it seems incredible that the army of Goethals marched on to success within the short space of seven years—De Lesseps took nine years for his partial achievement and dragged on his futile work for some years thereafter. Rightly Congress voted its thanks to General Goethals, an army man, for one of the greatest of civilian undertakings. The World War brought him no greater opportunity and no greater renown. But as a citizen he shone. His job finished, he left politics to the politicians and never assumed because he was a great engineer that he was thereby entitled to advise the country as to its policies and destiny. He sought no publicity, he never boosted himself. It is he who merits the greatest monument at Panama, and not Theodore Roosevelt. The latter "stole," as he said, the Canal Zone; the former honored his country by doing the task he was called upon to achieve with a maximum of efficiency and honesty and a maximum of honor to his reputation.

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Our Mad Dogs of War

THE mad dogs of American life, endangering not only the peace of this country, but Anglo-Saxon friendship and cooperation—yes, the peace of the world—this is what our raving admirals are becoming. We refer especially to Rear Admirals Hughes and Plunkett—the latter plainly aspires to be the von Tirpitz of the American navy. Speaking before the House Naval Affairs Committee, Admiral Hughes, who is admittedly the author of the three-billion dollar navy-increase program, for which Secretary Wilbur is the window-dresser and the stuffed front, declared that the building program was aimed at the English navy. Addressing the Republican Club in New York on January 21, Rear Admiral Plunkett called for an unsurpassed fleet, advancing every one of the hoary old arguments about preparedness which the war so utterly discredited and Calvin Coolidge himself says are untrue, and in answer to a question of a reporter of the *Herald Tribune* stated that his prediction of an early war related to Great Britain. This the Admiral subsequently denied, saying that he had meant only to predict war with "our trade rivals" and that he hoped that we could avoid that if we were fully prepared. What a spectacle! What an outrage against decency! What a deliberate effort to embroil two countries which but a few years ago pledged eternal amity and good-will!

Of course Admiral Plunkett meant England. There is no other fleet against which we could possibly be arming, for the preparedness which he advocates bids fair to give us an armada bigger than those of Italy, France, and Japan combined. If these men have their way we shall be in for a full-fledged race of armaments with Great Britain to which there can be only one outcome. It is the most menacing situation which we have yet confronted in Anglo-American relations. England has not done one thing since our men were dying together on the battlefields of France to merit any such acts of baseness as this deliberate invoking of hostilities with the original mother-country.

That Calvin Coolidge permits this thing to go on without rebuke is utterly disheartening. It is fresh proof of what we have repeatedly pointed out, that he is a President who does not govern in the sense of controlling his subordinates. It is known that the navy has been disloyal to him as it was to Harding so far as the Washington Disarmament Conference is concerned. He himself has expressly said that preparedness never protected any nation from war nor guaranteed success in any war. Again and again he has stated, notably in his last annual message, that he is determined that the United States shall not engage in any naval-armament rivalry. Yet he allows his admirals and Secretary Wilbur to make absolutely hypocritical these assertions of his that we are not going to pour out our wealth for battleships and cruisers to vie with England and Japan. In the face of such statements as those of Hughes and Plunkett and recent ones of Secretary Wilbur silence on the part of the Chief Executive is cowardly. More than that, it will be taken abroad to mean that he connives with these admirals. It will reinforce the charges, now current against us all over the world, that our acts and our words are wholly antagonistic to one another. It is his duty to speak out ringingly and emphatically, instead of which he leaves the task to Senator Borah.

Mr. Borah, we are sure, has rendered no better service than by his clear-cut denunciation of both those admirals. "I regard," he said, "such declarations as mischievous to a degree." "Sheer madness," he correctly calls their propaganda, and he continues:

> A few days ago an admiral in the English navy put out a similar statement. If anything could possibly bring on war between two great nations it is these enlarged naval programs in connection with declarations from the navies of the respective countries that war is inevitable. This was the insane policy which obtained between Germany and Great Britain from 1900 to 1914 and was one of the great contributing causes to the World War.

Even if they believe this sort of stuff, Senator Borah says they ought not to be allowed to talk it, and we think that he is right. The position of the naval and army officer is different from that of other citizens in the matter of free speech. He gives his opinions into the keeping of his commanding officer when he puts on the uniform. The press listens to him because he is a general or an admiral, and when he speaks people suppose that he represents the opinion of his superiors. The President of the United States has the right to demand of army and navy officers that on these matters of international affairs they should be silent, if only because they cannot be non-partisan. Admiral H. P. Jones was reported by the press as rejoicing that the Disarmament Conference, to which he was a delegate for the purpose of having it succeed, was a failure—a case of most complete disloyalty to his Commander-in-Chief. Such as he cannot be unbiased, because their profession is at stake; if disarmament succeeds they and their ilk will disappear, or be on the retired list as relics of a butcher's trade happily done away with by the advance of civilization.

We repeat, these are the mad dogs of American life, and as long as they are afflicted with this form of rabies they should at the very least be adequately rebuked by their government, that the whole world may know they do not speak for it. We send men to prison every day for stealing from three dollars up. How small is the injury such men do to society compared to the potentialities of evil which may come out of the words of a Plunkett or a Hughes—which evil inevitably will come if they are allowed to go on talking. Senator Borah is right; we are getting into the same position to England as was Germany in relation to Great Britain, and the result will be the same. There are a large number of societies and organizations in this country, like the English-Speaking Union, founded to preserve the peace and advance the friendship of the two Anglo-Saxon countries. If they do not exert themselves now they ought to go out of business, for we are heading straight into war with England—a foreign correspondent recently absent from Washington for six months informed us a month ago that he was appalled on his return at the talk of war with England which filled Washington. Mr. Coolidge is incredibly ignorant if he is not aware of this, or of what it will lead to if it is not stopped. If he does not speak out now he is betraying his country and degrading himself.

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Russia's Thermidor?

LEON TROTZKY and thirty other Communists, who have persisted in criticizing the Stalin regime, have been exiled to Siberia and other remote points by "administrative order," without trial and under police surveillance, exactly as happened in the days of the Czar. This ends for the present all opposition to Stalin and his associates. Criticism in public of the present tendencies of those in control of the Soviet is now completely ended, all in the name of "Leninism," although many of those exiled were most closely associated with Lenin in his lifetime. This action brings to the front the question: Who represents the continuation of the Bolshevik program in Russia and who the inevitable reaction from it?

To the American reader it has seemed as if Lenin and Trotzky represented the same thing and the conservative press and statesmen have arrived at the same conclusion. Thus, the New York *Times* found a chief cause for rejoicing on New Year's Day in the successful elimination of Trotzky from the Communist Party, declaring flatly that "the ousted Opposition stood for the perpetuation of the ideas and conditions that have cut off Russia from Western civilization." Most of the great European newspapers wrote similarly. Sir Austen Chamberlain during the Geneva Conference was quoted as saying that England could not enter into conversations with Russia for the simple reason that "Trotzky had not yet been shot against a wall"—he must be pleased by Trotzky's banishment. Indeed, one wonders whether in the wilderness of Central Asia it will not be easy for Trotzky to "disappear," or be "shot while trying to escape," as has happened to the enemies of conservative regimes in other countries than Russia. At any rate, the mouthpieces of reaction in Europe are one in their conclusion that Trotzky, and not Stalin, is their chief Communist enemy.

The Communist press, on the other hand, continues to insist that Trotzky, who organized and led the insurrection of October, represents a "bourgeois deviation" and that Stalin, a newcomer so far as eminence or authority goes, represents the pure doctrines of Lenin and the triumphant march of the iron battalions of the proletariat. Who are correct, the Communists or the foreign capitalists? The letter of Adolph Joffé, which we publish in this issue, throws some light on the question. Presumably representing an immense body of opinion that must be silent, the dying Joffé's belief was that Stalin's triumph is the Thermidor of the Russian Revolution. To him it was the familiar case of a reactionary personal dictator obtaining power by calling himself a revolutionist and denouncing his opponents as enemies of the revolution. This is an extreme opinion, but it is difficult after reading his letter to doubt that in a sense Stalin does represent that conservative tendency ever to be associated with excessive personal power, and that Trotsky has defended the original principles and purposes of the Bolshevik Party. If this is the fact, it will not hinder Western Communists from supporting Stalin as they would have unanimously supported Trotzky had he won the power. The fact that they have systematically suppressed the theses and programs and manifestos of the opposition, publishing only the attacks upon them, is the plainest indication that the Communists in other countries are not willing to face the truth.

No doubt Stalin's tendency to depart from the rigorous Bolshevik program might be defended as a concession to the will of a majority of the people. Among others, Albert Rhys Williams, who is just back from Russia after five years of residence, chiefly in rural communities, reports that Moscow has created a machinery by which the wishes of the people in each village or town are quickly and accurately transmitted to the headquarters of the government. This, together with the remarkable economic development, is the most striking change of recent years. Again, he ascribes the change of administrative personnel observable in the remotest villages to a practical necessity. There is no longer a need for virile revolutionists, but a great one for those who can be teachers and persuaders, administrators and leaders of the peasants. The restoration of vodka and the abandonment of anti-religious propaganda are also, Mr. Williams thinks, not matters ordered from above, but a response to the demands of the peasants. Russian social and economic life is plainly reviving spontaneously, in forms of its own and with a good deal of nationalistic emotion, by which emotion Stalin is ready to profit. Stalin represents the compromising administrator to whom Trotzky, with his insuppressible revolutionary will and his brilliant arsenal of Marxian ideas, was a dangerous trouble-maker whom one must get rid of by calling him a counter-revolutionist and banishing him.

Who Makes Our Wars?

SENATOR BORAH having announced that the Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman, will ask the Senate to make an inquiry into our intervention in Nicaragua, there is hope that at last the Administration will be called to account for the private war which it is carrying on there without authority from Congress. The illegality of the situation, touched on briefly in our issue of January 18, was well brought out lately by Albert H. Putney, professor of constitutional law in the National University Law School. Writing in the *National University Law Review* for May, 1927, Professor Putney discusses the constitutional provision that "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war" in the light of decisions of the Supreme Court, quoting the words of that tribunal: "It may . . . be safely laid down that every contention by force between two nations, in external matters, under the authority of their respective governments, is not only war, but public war." In reviewing the practice of this country he says:

> From the first inauguration of President Washington down to the third year of the twentieth century the Congress of the United States maintained the exclusiveness of its right to declare war, or to authorize offensive warlike acts even though limited in their scope; and the validity of the claims of Congress was recognized by the acquiescence of the Executive Department and frequently by an express acknowledgment in some Presidential message.
>
> During the twentieth century, however, there has been a gradual increasing encroachment upon this power by the Executive Department, until today it, in effect, claims the right to make war, or—what under the Constitution amounts to the same thing—to authorize warlike acts abroad, without the consent of Congress to the extent to which such warfare can be carried on by the military forces under the command of the President.

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Professor Putney reminds us that the transfer of the war-making power from the executive to the legislative branch of the government in the American Constitution was an innovation—and a deliberate one—in the statecraft of the day. And the new theory was vigorously respected by all our early Presidents. Jefferson made this comment:

> In the case of actual physical attacks upon American citizens or their property, or the immediate danger of such attacks, the forces of the United States may be used for strictly protective purposes without the consent of Congress, which it is manifestly impossible to obtain in such cases. When, however, any attempt is made to take over the control of territory, to use force for the collection of claims due to American citizens, to interfere with the military operation of foreign troops, or above all to interfere between two governments, each claiming to be the legal government of the country, war (perhaps only partial war, but still war) is waged, and this can only be constitutionally done under the authorization of Congress.

Obviously this exactly applies to the Nicaraguan situation of today.

Even the imperious Jackson, in his dealings in regard to Texas, was careful to refer certain points to Congress merely because they appeared to him as "probably leading to war." Cleveland's famous declaration in the Venezuela boundary case was made in the form of a communication to Congress. In the seizing of Panama, in 1903, says Professor Putney, Roosevelt first violated the constitutional provision in regard to making war, though two years later he came out strongly against the use of force for the recovery of contract claims against a foreign country. Taft overrode the Constitution again in first sending the marines into Nicaragua in 1912, as did Wilson in his occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. In regard to Mexico, however, Professor Putney reminds us that after the Tampico incident Wilson sent a special message to Congress, saying:

> I therefore come to ask your approval that I use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, and end the distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

Coming to the Coolidge policy, Professor Putney thinks that our intervention in Nicaragua in behalf of President Diaz "clearly constitutes 'war' if we are to use the definition of that term contained in decisions of the United States Supreme Court and in the public utterances of a long line of Presidents and Secretaries of State." Of the Coolidge message of January 10, 1927, Professor Putney says:

> It is in effect here asserted that the President of the United States has the power to wage an offensive war, upon his own authority, against any country, and for any reason which in his opinion appears to affect "the lives, the property, and the interests of its citizens and of this Government itself." If this claim is correct it would only be necessary to appeal to Congress if an increase of the numbers of the land and naval forces were required.

It remains for us to see what response the present Congress may make to this remarkable usurpation of its constitutional powers. If Congress today had the independence and aggressiveness of the legislative bodies of some previous eras, it would call a halt on the illegal warfare in Nicaragua, going if necessary to the extent of impeaching the President for his conduct.

Books and Universities

A RECENT number of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* sets up a cry of distress and implores the members of the English faculty at that university to save its readers from the "sloppy and maudlin" books foisted upon them by the uncritical enthusiasm of literary journalists. "The only cure or panacea," continues the author of the anonymous letter, "seems to lie in honest criticism. The only place we can seemingly hope to get such criticism from is our great seats of learning. Therefore, we would like to see sincere criticism come from educated centers, frankly calling a spade a spade, so that the public may not be misled into buying so many mediocre books."

Now, even the correspondent of the *Alumni Weekly* can hardly maintain that the best criticism of *belles lettres* has, in the past, come exclusively or even chiefly from the universities. Not Johnson, or Lessing, or Goethe, or Coleridge, or Hazlitt, or Matthew Arnold, or Edgar Allan Poe, or Anatole France, or Georg Brandes was a college professor. The academic connections of Sainte-Beuve and Taine were chiefly incidental and, indeed, Walter Pater in England and Brunetière in France were the only modern critics of absolutely first importance who did their chief work while living in a university environment. A number of the others had, like many of the contemporary American critics and literary journalists, received a very thorough academic training, but either they never dreamed of occupying a chair or, as was certainly the case with Lessing and Brandes, they found themselves barred from the faculties they would gladly have joined because of the very opinions and qualities which make them today the subject of lectures delivered by members of the very class which before would have none of them. The services rendered by the universities to scholarship have, of course, been enormous and they have, in addition, undoubtedly done much to keep alive an appreciation of the works of the past, but they have never at any time played a major role in determining the trend of living literature nor in guiding the taste of the cultured public.

We should be glad to see some active response to the plea of the Yale alumnus, but we cannot deny that the universities of America have, in recent years, exerted a diminishing influence upon contemporary letters. No literary phenomenon of the last two decades has been more striking than the increased interest in literary criticism as indicated by the growth of literary journalism, but the academic voice has been heard less and less, and the passage of the late Professor Sherman from the ranks of the professors to the ranks of the journalists is a fitting symbol of a general movement in the course of which men trained for an academic career have detached themselves from the university in order to go out to work in the profane world.

At the moment when the modern movement in our literature was beginning the one professor of English at Yale who had the public ear was snubbing the most vital living authors in order to sing in extravagant terms the praise of an innocuous and now almost forgotten novelist, Henry Sydnor Harrison. If academic "authority" comes to no more than that, then it is no wonder the public has preferred the rash judgments of undisciplined and irresponsible journalism. So do we.

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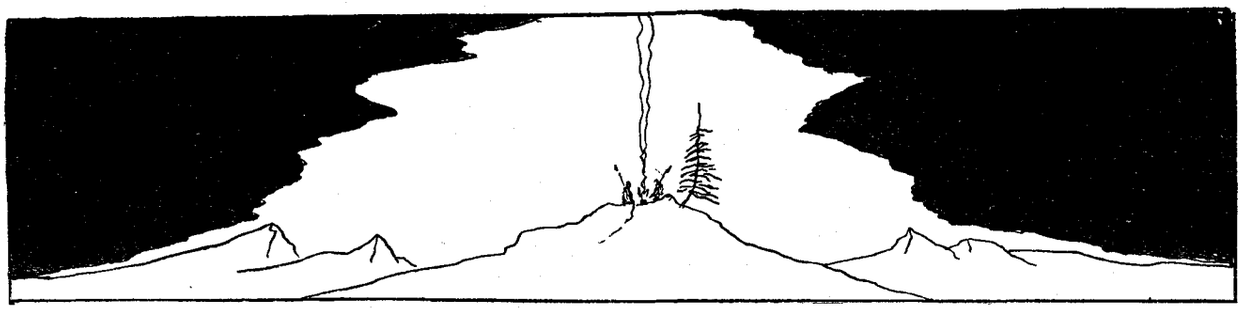
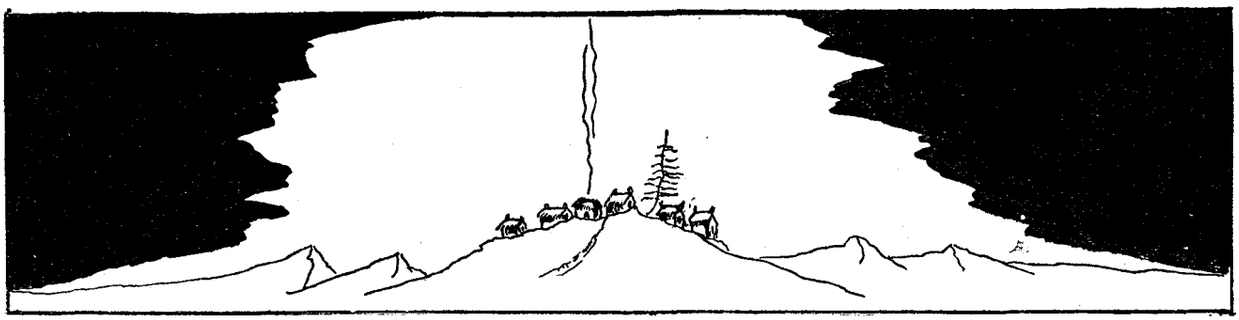
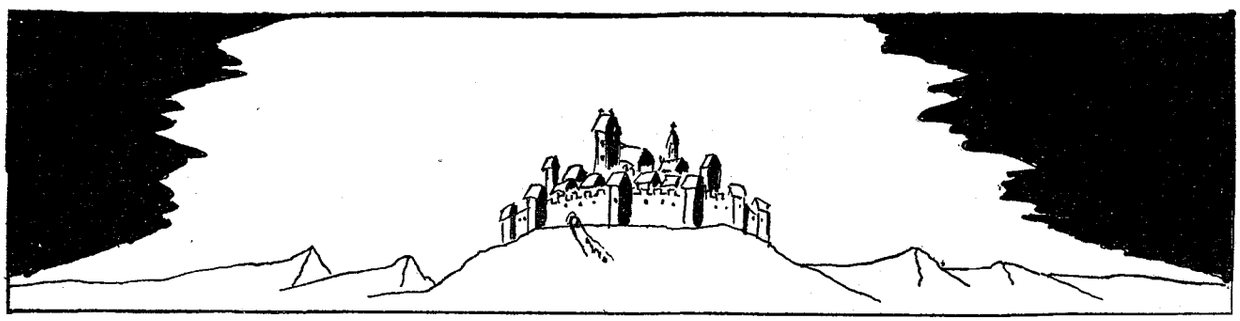


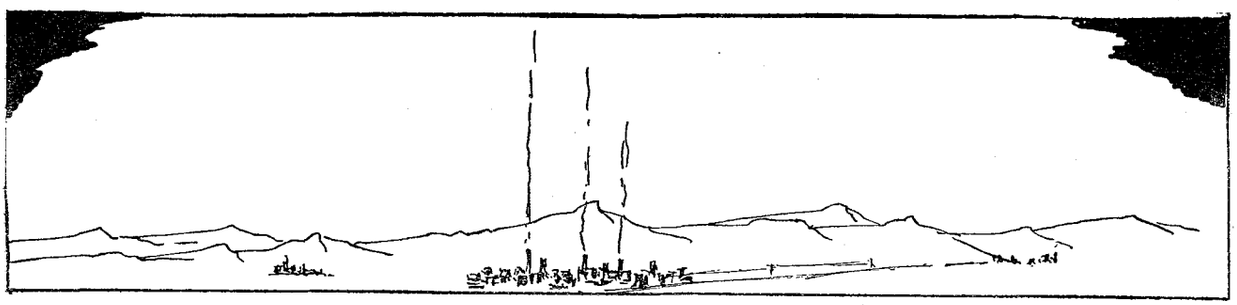
Our earliest ancestors contemplated the world from the hilltop on which they lived their meager lives.



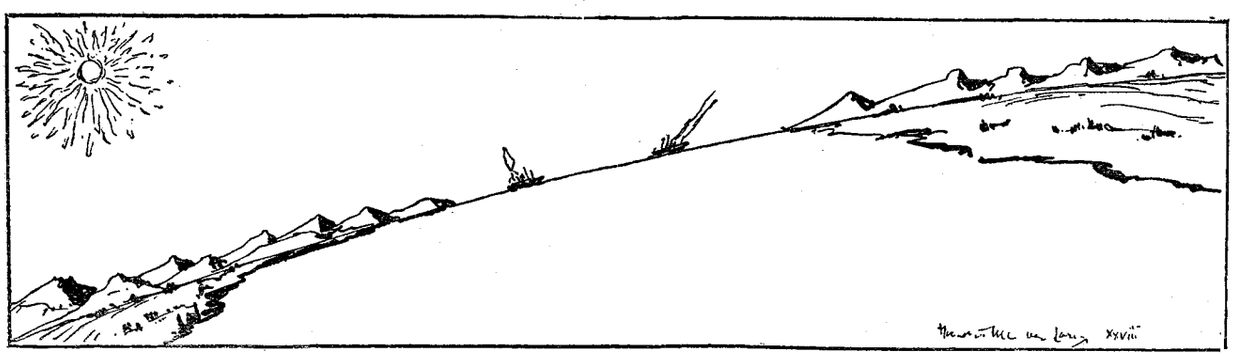
Later on their point of view was that of the village.



Next they became small townspeople with the restricted view of such persons.



Still later, as members of a state, they acquired a state-wide view.



Why be so incredulous about the possibilities of acquiring a world-wide point of view?

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

NO American diplomatic move has ever commanded such general support and enthusiasm as the sending of Lindbergh through the air to Mexico. I have no intention of bringing in a minority report. It was shrewd and even a little better than that. For once an ambassador displayed imagination. The flier fired the minds of the Mexican people. The boy who stepped down from the edge of a cloudbank was obviously a gallant figure and gallantry is not the first word thought of in connection with America by peoples south of the Rio Grande.

Even if you say that the flight was incorporated into traditional dollar diplomacy I still feel that it was excellent. Without doubt we hope to profit by association with Mexico. This wish is not unnatural and Big Business whatever its faults is preferable to expeditionary forces. The point where I begin to dissent from the Lindbergh mission does not occur until after his taking off from Mexico. I think his countrymen have used their hero badly. From a technical standpoint the hops in and about Central America were anti-climactic. By then the edge of purpose had been dulled. While Lindbergh was entirely willing and eager to take the risks I do not think the American Government should even have hinted a desire on its part for him to assume them. Had he crashed, let's say, in flying to British Honduras the sacrifice would have seemed a useless one. And the trip to Nicaragua was downright tactless and should never have been planned.

At its best the Lindbergh mission was glorious and irrelevant. Salvation is not always won by logic but diplomacy must sooner or later get down to fundamental issues. We cannot forever solve our problems of intercourse with foreign nations by letting Lindbergh do it or even by adding Will Rogers as an extra attraction. The formula might be persisted in up to a point where it grew a little comic. France, let us suppose, makes an appeal for more generous terms upon the debt and the American Secretary of State promptly replies by sending a handcuff king who shows the Chamber of Deputies his trick of getting out of a straightjacket. If the new policy had been in force during the recent dispute between Chile and Peru we would have sent not Pershing but the Ziegfeld Follies. In answer to complaints about the tariff from some nation Al Jolson will go to represent us and soothe the alien mind by singing "I've Got Those High Protection Blues." It will not always suffice. They ask us for bread and we send them an aviator.

When Lindbergh came home from Europe he was scrupulous about his dignity. He still is, but some factors beyond his control have at times put him into a false position. From Managua he wrote for the *Times* and said that he was impressed by the great friendliness which all Nicaraguans expressed for the United States. This was a few days after a bloody skirmish between the marines and Sandino and only a week or so before Diaz grew irritated at American interference. The largest entertainment given for Lindbergh was a party prepared in his honor by the leader of the reactionary group. Does this mean that Lindbergh is conservative in his politics and that he bestows approval upon everything his country has done in Nicaragua? No, but some people will be certain to impale with significance his lightest word or deed. We must remember that Lindbergh is a flying man before all else. He has been faithful to his passion. In addition to being one of the greatest of all aviators he is a man of charm, good taste, and tact. But that doesn't mean that Lindbergh is a close student of international politics and competent to pass upon the problems in the lands he visits.

Don't growl at me and ask, Who ever thought he was? If no one has, many will in this land addicted to the practice of turning great generals into poor presidents. Lindbergh will have to fight hard to keep from being forced at last into politics, and even now he can hardly avoid reporters who want to know what he thinks about the tariff, the federal reserve system, and Boulder Dam. Indeed before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti there was a movement by some associated with the defense to get him on record with an opinion. Lindbergh said nothing, which may have been because he knew nothing about it. If not precisely a boy he is still a young man with a one-track mind even if that track happens to be laid across the open skies.

Too much supermaning can hardly help one. As yet there is no evidence that his good sense has cracked, but we have no right to subject him to such fearful dangers. I am speaking at the moment of dangers to the soul rather than to the body. We all applauded when he refused vaudeville and moving pictures. These were not dignified. Certain men of prominence and position undertook to advise the aviator as to the manner in which he should shape his life. How seriously he took their counsel I have no means of knowing. If the Guggenheim tour was part of their suggestion I think they showed poor judgment. In that swing around the country much of dignity was missing. Day after day Lindbergh never got a chance to sit down upon the seat of any auto. He had to perch precariously upon the upper edge so that all the spectators along Main Street might see him. There were a hundred luncheons and as many dinners. Two hundred times he heard the chairman tell of the manner in which the aviator had borrowed the Ambassador's pajamas. Two hundred times he listened while the local mayor referred to him as "the lone eagle." Always there was an embossed scroll and generally the keys of the city. I can understand that Lindbergh might again fly over the broad Atlantic but I should think he would forever shudder at the sight of breast of chicken.

Colonel Lindbergh is our national hero, which seems to mean that for the rest of his life he will be obliged to shake hands, pose for the newspaper photographers, write autographs, and make after dinner speeches. It is said that at a great house where he was lately entertained the Colonel's host discovered that his guest possessed but one lone shirt. He asked the aviator politely about his needs. "What can I do?" explained Lindbergh. "If I send a shirt to the laundry I never get it back. They cut it up for souvenirs."

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The Love Feast at Havana

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, Cuba, January 20

"*EIGHT* boats!," the elevator-boy exclaimed in ecstasy, as the gray hulks of the President's armada slid past Morro Castle. It was indeed an entry calculated to impress. The other delegates arrived as mere civilians, but the President of the United States came in on the battleship Texas, with the cruiser Memphis close behind, the two big ships flanked by six mean-looking destroyers, all in convoy formation—a suggestive way of opening a Pan-American Conference. More than one observer wondered whether the Washington officials deliberately chose the Texas, named after the State we stole from Mexico, to bring Calvin Coolidge to Cuba.

The Cubans cheered him—and the Washington newspapermen say that Calvin never smiled more broadly. What Latin—or Yankee—would not cheer a President? It is a great occasion for a thirty-year-old republic of less than four million people when the President of the richest and strongest country on earth comes to call. It was Sunday, a soft, blue-skied Cuban Sunday, and all Havana—with the tropical color of Havana skins and scarfs and uniforms—was at the sea-wall. The President and the Mayor and the newspapers had been preparing for weeks. The buildings were bedecked, the people excited. It was Cuba's great day. Of course there was no untoward incident. President Machado, one of the most efficient dictators in Latin America, had called the editors to his palace and told them to be good; the one or two little papers which neglected orders had been suppressed; a couple of hundred citizens suspected of dangerous thoughts had been tucked in jail; the dissident Haitian delegation had not been permitted to land; and, after all, the naval parade, with all the sailor-boys in white, and the admirals in gold braid, and the presidents and delegates and near-delegates in tall silk hats, was a good show. The guns roared their salute; the bands blared; the crowds cheered. But when the movies came on the screen in the theaters the next night no one thought to applaud.

I do not know what the American newspapers said of the President's speech. I judge from cabled summaries that they obediently said it was good. In fact, there was never a sadder washout. As Will Rogers remarked in one of his sermons at the Seville bar: "He opened his act with Christopher Columbus, and he closed with Columbus, and he never got much closer to 1928." Not a word of Nicaragua or of Mexico; not a hint of any change of policy; not a word dealing with intervention or the technical questions of international rights and duties which obsess the minds of the Caribbean delegates here; just sweet generalities. Peace; democracy; a mild slap at the League of Nations; a warning against moving too fast—that was all. The Cubans applauded when he said that "Cuba is her own sovereign," possibly hoping that he might come to mean it; everyone applauded his suggestion that "it is better for the people to make their own mistakes than to have some one else make their mistakes for them." No one laughed; no one shouted "Nicaragua!" This is a *very* polite conference.

Frock coats and high hats are ruinous to frankness and honesty. At just one point has real feeling come to the surface. That was when the flags of the twenty-one republics were being raised at the inaugural ceremonies at the university. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia—each, in its alphabetical order, received its polite meed of applause. More clapping greeted the Estados Unidos than any of our predecessors. But when the red, white, and green Mexican flag floated seaward the crowd forgot diplomatic restraint and shouted its sympathy to the hot sun above, and as Nicaragua's stars and bars started up the pole a deep roar of enthusiasm drowned the music, while from the rear came rude shouts of "Viva Sandino!"

But crowds are not governments, and are not oppressed with a sense of responsibilities. There are twenty Latin governments (some of them might better be called Indian than Latin) represented at this conference, and all of them have a sense of economic realities. Seven—Honduras, Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, Nicaragua, Panama, and Guatemala—do more than half their total trading with the United States. Seven more—Costa Rica, Haiti, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Peru, and Brazil—do more than a third of all their commerce with the United States. We have almost a third of Chile's trade. Only in Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, and Paraguay is the Yankee share less than a fifth. We are not trade rivals, competitors, with these countries, as Germany and England were before the war. We buy their bananas, sugar, coffee, oil, copper—food and raw material; they buy our automobiles, bathtubs, typewriters, chewing-gum—manufactures. To us the market of no one of these nations is indispensable; to most of them American business is life and death.

All Latin America needs capital. There is not a Yankee-hater in South America who does not want American capital for his country, however much he dislikes the terms on which American capital is offered. Unfortunately—I think it is one of the tragedies of the hemisphere today—New York has had something like a monopoly of the world-capital market since the war and is likely to have it for some years to come. There are perils in the competition of capital from rival nations; there is still more peril when there is no competitive check upon the tendency of one great capital-exporting nation to assume control of its neighbors. Increasingly Yankee capital dominates Latin America. Ten years ago we had a little more than one billion dollars invested south of the Rio Grande, almost all in Mexico and Cuba; today we have perhaps five billions, scattered through the twenty republics. Probably more than half the foreign capital in Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Honduras, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, and Colombia today comes from the United States; in seven other republics at least a third of the foreign capital is American; only in Guatemala (where the situation is rapidly changing), Paraguay (where all foreign investments are small), and in Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay (where Britain invested enormous sums before the war) is American capital in a clear minority. And everywhere the governments are begging for more.

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That is one part of the background of this Sixth Pan-American Conference. Politically, the growing "Caribbean Doctrine," which asserts the dominant right of the United States to intervene anywhere north of the Panama Canal, threatens the independence of every country in that region; and as investments grow the area of application of the doctrine is expanding onto the continent of South America. Economic control may be even more significant, but few of the Latin Americans outside of Mexico realize it. Politicians are politicians the world over, and care most of all for the trappings of political independence. In very few countries is there a powerful popular movement; and dictators like Machado of Cuba, Gomez of Venezuela, and Leguia of Peru feel closer to Wall Street than to the peons on their own plantations. Race kinship and abstract conceptions of liberty mean less in this age of international capital than once they did. I have heard more than one Caribbean delegate express contempt for Sandino because he started life as a common laborer.

Hence the current of resentment which swept Latin America as the conference was opening is not likely to find bold expression at the meetings. No one wants a row; everyone fears America's economic power and wants her economic aid; furthermore, the agenda was carefully prepared. The topics are specific and limited, and it takes a two-thirds' vote to introduce a new subject into the order of business. Mexico, most likely to have spoken freely about imperialism, is hampered by Mr. Morrow's success in the oil negotiations and by the pending discussion of her foreign debt. A gentleman from the Conservative Party of Nicaragua has toured South America, announcing that if American intervention is discussed his party will raise the bogy of Mexican aid to Sacasa. Chile fears publication of the Tacna-Arica report; Argentina is more interested in meat than in Nicaraguan patriots. After all, most of the delegates seem to feel, Nicaragua is an incompetent second-rate Power, and the marines are capable boys; why resist the inevitable?

Argentina would like to be a leader of a Latin bloc. Of all the Southern republics she is freest from economic bondage to North America, most advanced industrially, and most closely bound, by financial and cultural ties, to Europe. At the opening of the conference she led a quiet but effective and significant revolt against Mr. Hughes's plan for secret committee meetings. When the "right" of intervention comes up for legalistic discussion in the committee on public international law, Argentina is likely to do the most explicit talking. Brazil, perhaps because of Argentina's aloofness, loses no opportunity to manifest her devotion to the United States; and Chile too tends to pull away from Argentine policy. At least two delegations started for Havana expecting to insist upon open discussion of Washington's habit of landing troops where and when and as she wills. No one, I think, intends more than subtle pinpricks today. And while the delegates may believe that they are merely omitting to discuss it, their silence in effect is a tacit consent to the new Caribbean policy. Their apparent failure to protest marks another stage in our domination. And the inevitable success in the various committees of the movement toward uniformity in consular invoices, trade-mark laws, highways, air-traffic regulation, and all the rest of a series inconsequential enough when taken separately, will also aid the movement toward Americanization of the Western Hemisphere.

Solidarity in Colorado

By FRANK L. PALMER

[*Mr. Palmer, author also of the article on Colorado in* The Nation *for December 7, was arrested shortly afterward, held in jail without any charge being made against him, and finally released. On January 21, before completing the article printed below, he was again arrested following a strike meeting at Lafayette at which he spoke. Our information is that he is still in jail.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Walsenburg, Colorado, January 21

FIGHTING their way through local dictatorships, wholesale arrests by State police and militia, broken-up meetings, padlocked halls, teasing little wage increases, and insufficient relief, the coal miners of Colorado have won signal victories during the second and third months of their strike.

When ministers, newspapers, and college professors joined the miners in demanding that the Governor appoint an impartial commission to investigate wages and conditions in the mines and law-breaking by operators, the Industrial Commission suddenly executed an about-face and recognized the strike they had declared illegal, even going so far as to guarantee I. W. W. "foreign" leaders against arrest. (In Colorado a "foreigner" is one who comes from another State, and R. W. Henderson, a California attorney, was threatened by Louis Scherf of the State police with having his passport canceled!)

On December 19 the Industrial Commission opened the hearing that should have been held in September, before the strike was called, with the same State executive committee of the striking coal miners conducting the case for the men as would have conducted it at the earlier date. All that has happened, including loss of life and wealth, can with good reason be laid at the door of Chairman Thomas Annear because of his failure to call the earlier hearing.

Every attack that has been made on the miners, every raid, every arrest, has helped to center attention on the hearing and thus to give Colorado its first real news in many years of what is going on in the coal mines. The people of the State heard charges that Samuel Tescher, general superintendent of the National Fuel Company, told his men "not to weigh that coal like sugar—the company has to have enough for the boilers and a little more"—out of the weights of the men, of course. And they saw Mr. Tescher go on the stand and fail to deny the charge. Miner after miner testified that the lack of the check weighman guaranteed by Colorado law made a difference of from 200 to 1,000 pounds of coal a car.

Worse than that, the commission heard evidence that

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the Pikeview Mine had operated for seven months without any scales at all! The men had been paid by guess—and a bad guess at that, according to the miners.

James Dalrymple, State mine inspector, was called by the operators, but soon became a witness for the miners. He made a strong plea for the organization of the men and the recognition of pit committees, so that his work for the protection of lives might be made effective. He was the strongest witness the miners had, with the exception of Merle Vincent, executive vice-president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. Mr. Vincent read a statement to the commission which was the sensation of the hearing. "It is common knowledge that the miners generally do not have check weighmen and inspection committees," he said, after calling attention to the fact that "dispute over provisions of the mining law is one of the chief causes of the strike." Then he demanded that the laws be observed. He pointed out that the operators claim the I. W. W. caused the strike, while the miners say that existing conditions were the cause, and added, "An impartial observer would probably declare that while this organization [the I. W. W.] is immediately responsible for the strike call, conditions are primarily the cause of some 5,000 miners striking."

With these two damaging blows to the die-hard operators he joined a plea for organization. Calling attention to the possibility of federal control or even operation of the coal mines, he declared that the public

> is entitled to such management of the coal industry as will insure it a constant supply of necessary fuel at reasonable prices. . . . Disagreements between private persons and private concerns in the business world . . . are carried into courts and settled by the application of judicial principles. When, however, far more than personal issues and private rights are involved, . . . no reasonable, practical, and businesslike method of settlement is resorted to. No sensible machinery has been developed. Apparently the only remedy understood is force. . . . In order to establish practical and satisfactory working relations between operator and miner it is necessary to provide some means by which complaints of practices and conditions can be heard and adjusted.

As Mr. Vincent confirmed practically every claim of the miners, except the wage scale, the strikers in attendance staged a demonstration that almost broke up the hearing. The other northern-field operators were thunderstruck and went into a secret session, from which came an increase of fifty cents a day in their district.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company gave a 32-cent increase in the southern field on New Year's Day, bringing the total Rockefeller increase brought about by the strike to an even dollar a day. As usual, other southern-field operators followed the C. F. & I. lead. The scale is now about $6.50 in the southern and $6.75 in the northern field, at least a dollar below what the strikers are asking. The hearing and the wage increase have convinced the people of Colorado that the miners are right in demanding pit committees to represent their interests and in asking higher wages. It is not believed that even the admittedly prejudiced Industrial Commission now will dare to hand down a decision entirely unfair to the men or that any operators except the Rockefeller interests will continue indefinitely to oppose a just settlement. The C. F. & I. is fighting as bitterly as ever against any recognition of the workers outside its own company-controlled "industrial plan." Its officers are constantly cooperating with the State police in the arrest of leaders. The Industrial Commission hearings will close with sessions in Walsenburg and Trinidad, Rockefeller strongholds, and the stage is being set for them by raids culminating in as many as 117 arrests at one time.

The reign of terror began with a raid on the Trinidad I. W. W. Hall on Christmas night. Four city police broke into the hall and started an attack on the men who were staying there. They were captured by the strikers and held prisoner. Later, at the request of Attorney Henderson, the police were released and sixty-four men peacefully surrendered to the sheriff on condition that their property would not be injured. The sheriff accepted these terms, but later seventeen State police broke into the hall, smashed the furniture, and wrecked an apartment at the rear of the hall occupied by a florist and his aged mother, people who had no connection whatever with the strike. Two days later a mob was organized by the mayor—reported to have been a strange combination of members of the Ku Klux Klan and Knights of Columbus—armed, and deputized. Some three hundred men, with rifles, shotguns, and pistols, marched against the hall and arrested forty-two unarmed men, who offered no resistance. The hall was padlocked and boarded up under directions of the State police.

Attorney Henderson promptly asked an injunction against this illegal action, but the judge hesitated so long that the strikers marched to their hall, tore the boards off the windows and the lock off the door, and began holding meetings again. The judge then granted them their injunction and scathingly denounced the State police for its unlawful behavior. Eleven of the sixty-four arrested Christmas night were charged with assault with a deadly weapon, a felony. But, since the only weapons found in the hall belonged to the police, eight were found not guilty and three declared guilty only of simple assault.

The next day the Walsenburg city council was called into special session by Mayor John J. Pritchard, who had led a mob against the I. W. W. hall before the strike was called, but who has never been prosecuted. The council passed a resolution setting forth a proclamation of martial law in the county in which Walsenburg is situated, purported to have been issued by the Governor. This proclamation is quoted in the resolution, which further declares that "until this proclamation by the Governor shall have been withdrawn," no assemblages, parades, or demonstrations are to be allowed without the approval of Mayor Pritchard. The resolution was approved by Lewis N. Scherf, representative of the governor as commander of the State police.

The strikers continued with their meetings. Friday, January 6, Mayor Pritchard announced the resolution did not apply to the strikers' hall! Governor Adams denied to Denver newspapers that he had issued the proclamation, but he failed to direct Scherf to withdraw his approval of the faked resolution.

At eight o'clock on January 6 nineteen strike prisoners were removed from the Walsenburg jails, loaded into cars, and taken 100 miles from Walsenburg, within a few miles of the State line. There at midnight they were dumped on the road, five miles from a town, without money or food. Two sandwiches and some coffee had been their rations that day, four of them were sick, and all had insufficient clothing to protect them from the bitter cold. They were warned, "Go south, and if you come back you will be killed." Three of them went south. The others worked their way

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back home as best they could, catching rides on auto trucks and freight trains. Most of them went twenty-four hours without food. When hunger became worse than cold, one sold his heavy jacket to buy food. I talked personally with eleven of these men. Four of them absolutely identified a picture of Lewis N. Scherf as the one their guards called the "Chief," in charge of the kidnaping.

On the afternoon of January 12 some 500 strikers, women, and children, formed a parade to go to the hearing of the Industrial Commission. They were met by Pritchard and Scherf, backed by a dozen men armed with riot guns, automatic rifles, and pistols, and turned back toward their hall. As the leaders of the parade neared the hall State police suddenly opened fire, killing a boy of sixteen who had no connection with the strike. A few minutes later they killed a striker in the hall and wounded another. They said that this striker had been sniping from the second-story window, but they had done their killing so well and at such close range that the evidence was plain as to where he had been killed. The coroner's jury declared the killing "unprovoked," and said "the State police showed a total disregard for human life." Yet Governor Adams has not withdrawn them; District Attorney Hawley makes it plain there will be no prosecution.

In the northern field the militia has raided homes at night, leaving odors strangely reminiscent of pre-Volstead days, arrested strikers and their friends, and broke up one meeting by marching the crowd between rows of fixed bayonets into the muzzles of three baby machine-guns.

But despite their jails, their State police, and their militia, the horror of midnight raids, a relief fund that is never sufficient, and finally the threat of deportation, the miners are still striking for the recognition of their pit committees and some fair adjustment of wages. At meeting after meeting they are singing "Solidarity" in the faces of the militia and State police who have threatened them with arrest, and they are laughing as their leaders tell of their experiences in jail. They have been beaten and cursed; their prisoners have been threatened with physical violence; one Adam Bell, arrested at the Columbine on the morning of the massacre, was held forty-one days without charges being preferred, and others have been held for shorter periods. Yet they laugh and sing as they march along.

Meanwhile, although everyone is hoping that the end may come soon with some fair settlement, the natural-gas pipeline from Texas is rapidly moving toward completion, to take away both wages from the miners and profits from the operators.

Presidential Possibilities
III
Governor Albert C. Ritchie

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The third in a series of studies of the candidates

STEP up, ladies and gentlemen—not too close, please—but come forward and behold the best-looking, most aristocratic, and attractive of Governors, Albert Cabell Ritchie of the Free State of Maryland, where whiskey runs as free as water, where prohibition has taken not at all; where the liberty of the individual is as secure as any place in America; where H. L. Mencken finds, and dwells in, an earthly paradise. Behold a candidate for the Presidency who bids fair to be Governor of a State longer than any other man in generations, who is obviously the antithesis of Al Smith. The one bears the marks of his humble origin and hard struggle upwards; the other should be the beau ideal of those who believe that government belongs to the prosperous, the cultivated, the well-bred. Governor Ritchie is plainly "to the manner born," that is, he has behind him generations of means and education—his father was eleven years on the Supreme Bench of Maryland. See Governor Ritchie in his office or in his spacious and dignified Executive Mansion in Annapolis, and your mind somehow recurs to those elder days when George Washington resigned his commission in the historic room under Governor Ritchie's offices, to the time when courtliness and gentility and knee-breeches and ruffles were the distinguishing marks of our statesmen. Not that he is effeminate, or lacking in virility. He gives himself no airs and indulges in no mannerisms. He is simple, modest, and unaffected; if the word had not been so sadly misused and warped one could speak of him as a notable "gentleman." Were the miracle to happen and were he to be transferred to Washington, he would seem in more ways than one the lineal successor of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and there would again be good manners, dignity, and charm in the White House.

No demagogue here to split the ears of groundlings, and no skilled wire-puller; nor can it be said of Governor Ritchie that he has won his way by wealth and social position. It is impossible to think of his making a whirlwind campaign, or thrilling his audiences with the wit and the *ad hominem* arguments of Al Smith. Passion and Albert Ritchie are strangers. His are quiet, well-delivered, carefully worked-out addresses, intended to appeal to reason. He speaks for the fundamentals of American life, for personal liberties and rights, but he sets no soul on fire when he does so. He has admirably declared, Woodrow Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Constitution gives no right to anyone to suspend freedom of speech and of the press, whether in peace or in war, but the welkin did not ring when he said it. He was righteously offended when, contrary to American tradition, the Count and Countess Karolyi were banished from America and the Countess Cathcart held in durance vile on Ellis Island. He

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is opposed to every sort of censorship, especially of books and movies. But these things do not make him step out of his role of the gentle, reasoning statesman who has never worked at hard labor or knows what it means to lose a job and, with empty pockets, hunt another.

Can one be else than placid in the governorship of the Free State? What were the chief political issues there a year ago? Governor Ritchie took the press into his confidence on February 7, 1927, and let out the secret—oysters and gasoline! They were not merely the chief issues—they were the only controversial ones. This libertarian State was tortured with doubt only as to whether there should be private or public leasing of the oyster beds—even in Elysium the specter of socialism shows its dreadful mien! As for gasoline, the contest was over a proposed gasoline tax and who would actually pay it; which recalls the fact that not long ago the columns of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* were filled with discussions of an even more vital controversy—Should or should not the Nordic tomato yield in Maryland to a low-born Slavic importation?

Happy the Free State and happier its Governor as he draws his magnificent salary of $4,500 a year—a trifle more than half that paid to his underling the Commissioner of Education. Like Al Smith in New York, having reorganized the governmental machinery of the State, he, too, sighs for new worlds to conquer. The "best attorney general [of Maryland] in half a century" has, as Governor, instituted the budget method of handling the finances of the State, and a model merit system for its employees; has established a State purchasing department; has pushed on the State to build good roads, a larger percentage to the total mileage than any other of our commonwealths; has taken the school system out of politics, and improved the quality of the education offered. More than that, he has revised the State labor and compensation laws, reformed the system of prison labor, breathed new life into the health and welfare departments, put the conservation work of the State on a business basis, and—heed, O business men and the United States Chamber of Commerce—is said to have reduced the State taxes from 36½ cents per hundred at the beginning of his first term to 26 16/25 cents today.* That fact, if true, should, by every accepted test, qualify him as the best Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Why shouldn't a Governor who has done all these things feel that he, having disposed of the fate of Maryland's oysters, born and unborn, and of the gasoline tax, paid and unpaid, can now sit back and declare with Mencken that all's well on the Severn and the Chesapeake? With a total State debt of only $20,295,000 and its government made over into what Frank Kent calls "the most modern, efficient, and foolproof governmental machine in the country," its remaining problems are obviously administrative, not due to defects of the system. What wonder then that this Executive is placid and that he prefers to think "in those fractions of minutes when men would have him leap to his feet with warm words on his lips"?

Yet this Governor does not lack courage or ability to blaze up if he wishes. When President Harding asked him, with all the other heads of coal-mining States, to order out the militia during the coal strike of 1922 Governor Ritchie sent back a sizzling telegram saying that he would do nothing of the kind. Here the ardent defender of States' rights had his chance and took it. To his courage he added wisdom, for he told Mr. Harding that he would insist that Maryland settle her labor troubles by agreement and not by force. When other Governors were bending the knee before the prestige of the President, Albert Ritchie declared that he would not use troops lest they incite to the very rioting and bloodshed they were intended to prevent—he had not read labor history in vain! Nearly thirty years, he said, had passed since troops had been called out in Maryland in labor troubles. They would not be by him—and there he touched the highwater-mark of his career and gave his partisans the opportunity to say justly that he could get up from his Annapolis easy chair and prove himself every inch a man if the emergency offered.

Similarly, he told the Adjutant General in Washington that he declined to order out the Maryland National Guard for that silly muster day of July 4, 1925, which the War Department soon after abandoned; he also refused to issue a proclamation approving the procedure or to appoint a civilian committee to take charge of it in Maryland. Not that he is anti-military. He has urged every eligible man to attend the civilian military training camps; he believes in preparedness and complete plans for national defense. Here the dull conventionality of office-holders rules with him as it did when he issued a fulsome eulogy of President Harding on the latter's death, as far-fetched then as it is ludicrous reading today.

Another striking act of courage was the Governor's defiance of the labor unions in 1922, when they asked him to adopt the union scale of wages for all State work. No trimming here; he said *"No"* flatly—and told them to take their case to the legislature. Again, he does not hesitate to admit that he has made a mistake, as when he helped to bind the University of Maryland and the State Agricultural College in holy wedlock, and subsequently aided them in procuring a divorce. He vetoes freely, vetoes well, without personal bias, and states clearly his reasons. Politics never enters into them; he has even induced the legislature to print his vetoes as part of the volume dealing with each session's laws. On a single day of April, 1927, he vetoed ninety bills while approving one hundred and seventy-six others—the Maryland Legislature still grinds out its grist of bills, though there is nothing as significant as oysters and gasoline in all of them. His power to commute sentences and pardon criminals he uses with similar fidelity to his trust. For each decision he publishes succinct but clear reasons—it is amazing how often he records his belief that the infallible courts have erred.

But even on the banks of the Severn some of the dangerous bacilli that come with office-holding affect one's blood. Once Governor Ritchie struck out fiercely and wrongly. Mr. H. C. Byrd, assistant to the president of the University of Maryland, denounced the Governor and the politicians for their alleged failure to support the financial policies of the university in the interest of the higher education. The gentleman from Annapolis went white and denied to Mr. Byrd "the right to speak on such an occasion in a groundless as well as personally offensive way of me as long as I am Governor of the State of which the university is but one department." Even the Baltimore *Sun*, whose editors are popularly charged with bringing the Governor up by hand, balked at this. "There is not room in Maryland," it said, "for this kind of Prussianism," and it

* The Baltimore *Sun* calls this showing "political buncombe," and declares that the rate went down, but that assessments went up to an extent to vitiate these figures.

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terms the act what it was—a denial of the right of free speech to a civil official, entirely out of keeping with the Governor's repeated pleas for free speech and free assembly. Mr. Ritchie remains to this day unconvinced. Since it was, fortunately, a first and only offense, we may justifiably suspend sentence. But it gives a shock to one who recalls certain changes that took place in Woodrow Wilson as he continued to hold office, for it reads like the beginnings of the familiar delusions of majesty to which office-holders are so susceptible.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, how does Governor Ritchie really stand on the problems vital to liberals? The answer is that he is of the conservative period of Grover Cleveland, harping upon the single string of States' rights. There is no clear-cut lining-up for personal as against property rights. He has not even declared himself on foreign issues —though he gave a party allegiance to the Wilson doctrines in 1920, including the League of Nations. As to our wrongdoings in the Caribbean he has been silent—frankly because he has been steeped in local issues and found no time for other questions. Unlike Mr. Cleveland, he does not get excited about our tariff ills—far worse though they be than in Cleveland's day. For his legal mind the great issue is the encroachment of the federal government upon the powers of the individual State, an issue which died—for the average American—in 1865. That is why he opposes the proposed federal control of education, the proposed child-labor amendment to the Constitution, and, like Al Smith, the federal inheritance tax and federal prohibition. He is a Wet by conviction, but would, like Senator Borah, have both parties face and not dodge the liquor issue, since "all human experience shows" to him that one cannot enforce a uniform liquor law. For him the future of America is at stake; "the democracy our fathers discovered [!] seems to me to rest not on standardized regulations prescribed by the Union, but strong self-governing States directed by strong self-governing peoples." He even prays for a permanent House of Governors in order to uphold States' rights.

He trembles at the sight of "the mass of liberty-effacing laws being inflicted on the people" in Washington, thus centralizing all power in the District of Columbia. He shudders at the thought that if you can get the votes of 2,316 members of the legislatures of thirty-six States for a Constitutional Amendment those thirty-six States can impose their will on the remaining twelve, and he demands a State referendum before any legislature shall be allowed to vote on a proposed federal amendment. He, too, uses the old slogan of a "government of law in place of a government of men." He protests against the inclination to "transform the moral ideals of the few into the legal obligations of all." "Our Government," he insists, "has become the most regulatory of the Western World, outside of Russia and Italy." "Inspectors and spies and official regulators follow the one-hundred-per-cent American from the day he draws his first nourishment from his inspected mother's breast." Progressives, he avers, should achieve their will by "the slow processes of State action." He opposes the consideration of an issue on terms merely of morals; it should be in terms of law and government. Otherwise government "becomes a scheme for social control and for the regulation of personal conduct and relations." Most important of all, he has found that "if we can develop free cities in free States there need be no fear as to the future of democracy in this free nation." In the growing hostility between city and country and their class-consciousness he has, curiously enough, discovered the "probable" reason for the underlying causes of "such movements as that of the Ku Klux Klan, or Volsteadism, or fundamentalism"!

As for business, he stands squarely with Andrew Mellon and every big-business highbinder in both parties. He trusts (June 10, 1927) the country "may hope for the dawn of a political era in which business will write for itself, and share in writing for mankind, a new charter of safety and sanity, of liberty and human rights." He wants business freed from political control—though he believes in rigid regulation of railroads and other public utilities, and is an advocate of saving for the people of Maryland their natural resources, and in May, 1923, did not hesitate, as Governor, to interfere with one sacred private business by urging a public boycott of sugar in order to bring down the then exorbitant price. But "anything that dulls the free enterprise of business is destructive of both social and economic progress." While he admits that combinations of capital have at times achieved domination over State and national policies, making it necessary for the State to interfere, he holds that the pendulum has swung too far the other way. "Hence, we must"—almost in the exact words of Andrew Mellon—"take government out of business except where the great heritage of equality of opportunity necessitates its presence." Even then the government "should abandon all business which is competitive with private enterprises." Finally, after this playing with words, Governor Ritchie asserts, *ad nauseam,* that "the government governs best which governs least."

As a saving grace, Governor Ritchie is realistic enough to understand the effect upon the public of all this talking. "Speak of these things," he admits, "and the average man is likely to yawn and pass it all up as political claptrap." He confesses that "there is nothing mysterious in politics except sometimes the flubdubbery of politicians," and he ingenuously thinks that it is time that both great parties which monopolize the exciting game of humbugging the American people should be convinced that "political hypocrisy, political buncombe, and political cowardice are no longer political assets." When they do it will be quieter than ever along the Severn.

Has Governor Ritchie let his fondness for striking the bonds from the limbs of our enchained and sadly crippled Big Business affect his administration of the State? Progressives and organized labor charged that he did in the matter of the Conowingo Dam now being constructed on the Susquehanna River, declaring that he sold out Maryland to Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Railroad. So Conowingo formed a major issue in the Governor's last campaign. His critics declared that the power should have been used to benefit Baltimore exclusively, to lower rates in competition with the existing company, and to furnish cheap power for industry. To this the Governor replied that the project would cost $52,000,000, which would have to be repaid in fifteen years under the Constitution—something beyond the financial powers of Maryland; that two thirds of the reservoir is on Pennsylvania territory; that current could not be delivered in Baltimore from Conowingo at a price low enough to compete with Baltimore's steam-made power; that there would thus be no saving in money or any increased productivity in Baltimore. For the Governor

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it was also a case of government ownership versus private ownership. His arguments did not convince his opponents, who still dispute his facts and disagree with the Baltimore *Sun* in its assertion that the voters, whose consent would have been necessary, would never have approved a project for Maryland to go it alone; that if they had there would have been no market for all the power a 300,000 horse-power plant could produce. However one feels about government ownership, it is impossible to believe that Governor Ritchie took the position he did for any other than conscientious reasons. He may or may not have erred, but his honesty seems to the writer beyond question.

There, ladies and gentlemen of our unseen *Nation* audience, our inspection of this Presidential possibility ends—we thank you for your attention. Perhaps his own words characterize him best: "I don't claim to be a crusader. I don't want to be fifty years ahead of my time, but I want to belong to that class that is willing to plug along—to do something, to get somewhere, and leave the world better off than if we hadn't lived." You see he must once have gone to Sunday school! He is right about himself. There is no reform leader here, but a man with excellent brains, with his emotions completely under control, and his superficial economic views profoundly affected by his surroundings and his position in life. He is as ingenuous as he is sincere, as kindly as he is candid, and without malice toward his enemies. The latter admit that he has high character, a fine mind, and complete absence of pose. He pretends, they concede, not at all; but they apply to him the stock adjectives "cold, selfish, ungrateful, without real belief in principles"—is there a successful public man to whom they are not applied? Surely most of them are here unjust.

Any President should be proud and happy to have an Albert C. Ritchie in his Cabinet. He stands well, too, when one compares him with the last two nominees of his party, Governor Cox and John W. Davis, and would draw votes better than they. But a Moses to lead the Democrats out of their Slough of Despond; a Grover Cleveland, rugged, powerful, and determined, he is not. No iron has yet entered his soul and no sense of wrong has yet set his generous heart to quivering with an uncontrollable rage to wipe out an injustice. He visualizes no large scheme for human betterment; he has no map of life which equips him to deal with the economic problems that Big Business is creating under our noses, challenging the federal government itself.

On to Nicaragua

By NEWMAN LEVY

I AM in hearty argreement with the fellow who said "I don't care who breaks the laws of my country so long as I can write its songs." I have been working for the past few weeks on a war song for this terrible war that someone told me we are waging against Nicaragua. I am trying to do my bit by writing a stirring war song. If I can write something to cheer our gallant soldiers in this most recent War to End Wars, I shall feel that I have not entirely lived in vain.

I find that this attempt at martial balladry is not easy. My difficulty, at the start, has been to work myself up to a proper pitch of patriotic indignation against Nicaragua. We all know, of course, that the Nicaraguans mutilate babies and boil up the bodies of their victims to get fats and other valuable by-products. We know, too, that if we don't send our marines down there to protect the sanctity of American womanhood, it will not be long before a Nicaraguan army will be marching on to Washington, and then where will we be?

Still it is not easy to get excited about it. I wish, sometimes, that I knew a Nicaraguan so that I might hate him. It would help so much with my song. One or two of my office associates I suspect of being pro-Nicaraguan, and I have written to the Department of Justice about them. I have no proof, but it will do no harm to have them under surveillance for a while; we cannot afford to take chances. Nevertheless, it is not quite the same as knowing and hating a real Nicaraguan.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that this is war, and war is a pretty serious matter. I deplore bloodshed as much as any one—in fact, I sometimes am afraid that I am a bit of pacifist at heart—but when it comes to a defensive war like this one, when our homes are in danger of invasion, and the safety of our dear ones is jeopardized, then it is quite a different matter.

There are certain definite precautions that must be taken at once. In the first place Nicaraguan should not be taught in our public schools. It seems outrageous to me that the minds of our children should be poisoned by this subtle, insidious propaganda. English was good enough for Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, and it is good enough for me. Then there is the matter of hyphenates. This is no time for divided allegiance. America for Americans is my motto, and if these pro-Nicaraguans and radicals do not like it in this country let them go back to where they came from.

One thing that distresses me is the fact that I am over military age, and that I have a wife and child dependent upon me. I am filled with envy every time I read of those lucky boys who are marching down to Nicaragua to do their bit against those dirty Huns—a little name I made up for the Nicaraguans. If only I were ten years younger!

But to get back to that war song. If I cannot wear a uniform at least I can write a song. At first I thought of writing a Hymn of Hate—something of this sort:

> Costa Rica and Guatemala they matter not,
> A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.
> . . . . . .
> Hate by water and hate by land,
> Hate of the heart and hate of the hand,
> We love as one, we hate as one,
> We have one foe and one alone,
> *Nicaragua!*

It has the right spirit but it lacks the necessary martial fervor. It would hardly do for marching. Neither would this anthem that I started to write:

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Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just,
For God and our Country
And Guaranty Trust.

Nicaragua is a terrible word for rhyming. I sometimes think that those who make our wars for us should take into consideration the metrical possibilities of a country before starting a war against it. It might not make much difference to the marine in whose jungle he is shot down, but to the bard it is a matter of vital importance whether the enemy is Nicaragua or, let us say, Chile or Peru. Considerations of far less popular consequence have been known to send a detachment of marines trotting double quick to the transports. After all, we poets vote and pay taxes. We should have some rights.

Anyway it is a glorious war. When I read in the New York *Times* of "The greatest battle that American troops engaged in since the Great War," I thrilled with patriotic exaltation. Not since the battles of Bunker Hill, San Juan Hill, and Socony Hill have I had such a kick. Perhaps I shall be able to write that song yet.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not pretend to answer letters from his friends. Even from his readers, as some of them will have noticed, he rarely acknowledges bouquets and still more rarely blasts. His family, years ago, while he still had a family, gave him up as hopeless. To two old schoolmates he writes regularly once a year. This makes his mail discouragingly thin at Christmas and, in fact, always except on the first of the month, when it is discouragingly thick. He has, however, one faithful correspondent with whom he exchanges letters at what is for him an amazing rate. This is the auditor of an important public utility in a town where the Drifter used to live.

* * * * *

REGULARLY once a month the Drifter receives a bill for service at a house where he has not lived for nearly two years. This bill he always returns promptly, asking the company to send it to the rightful debtor, and always receives an identical reply:

DEAR SIR AND DRIFTER:

We acknowledge receipt of your recent favor, which shall have our immediate attention.

Just as soon as the facts are available we will advise you relative to the result of our investigation.

Very truly yours,

R——— O——— L———,

Auditor

The first letter of this series promised immediate attention to a recent favor of more than three weeks' standing, and reminded the Drifter of the answer received by an American who wrote from a remote Russian village for dates of steamship sailings. The English steamship office in Moscow, to whom he had written in English, answered within a month in Russian. They inclosed two long questionnaires, also in Russian, about his prospects for being admitted under the United States immigration quota. As soon as he filled these out properly and returned them the company promised to tell him when a steamer sailed.

SINCE the first time, the auditor's letter has come with commendable promptness. This indefatigable official is always investigating the case, and the facts are never available. Never may be too strong a word. The Drifter has a vague recollection of receiving, six months or so ago, a report which announced after due investigation that he no longer inhabited the house where he lived before he drifted away from it. This discovery did not discourage his correspondent from presenting a bill for $2.59 on the first of the next month and bills for varying amounts regularly thereafter. Just as soon as the facts are available he hopes that the company will be able to collect the grand total of what must now be due them for service to the present tenant at his old address. Or rather, for the tenant's sake, he hopes they will not be able to collect it.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE the auditor is working away. His office must be gradually filling up with letters from the Drifter and material for the exhaustive research he is making. Perhaps he has put detectives on the trail. This has been tried before by inquisitive readers of *The Nation*, always unsuccessfully. Yet this time it may succeed and shed the cold white light of publicity on the Drifter's past, his amours, and, worst of all, his occupation. If the auditor has not employed detectives where has he got his material on the Drifter? No questionnaires have passed between them. Some day the Drifter's own curiosity is going to drive him back to the town where he used to live and cause him to raid the office of the auditor. If all that gentleman's correspondence is in the same condition his office would be a fascinating place. But the Drifter's interest is thoroughly egotistical. He only cares to see his own dossier.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Well, Why?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not enter the Woodrow Wilson prize contest because my private opinion of the late President is not one which could reasonably expect any consideration from the foundation which bears his name. But I agree with the jury which said that "it would look foolish to publish any of the essays as worth $25,000." It is to be doubted whether anyone, ancient or modern, has ever written an essay worth $25,000. Of course Elinor Glyn, Lloyd George, "Peaches" Browning, Woodrow Wilson, Ruth Snyder, John Roach Straton, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, "Babe" Ruth, and Bernard Shaw have all been able to get good prices in their day; but Charles Lamb never received enough money for all of his essays to free himself from his clerkship; John Stuart Mill had to depend upon his salary as an employee of the British government for a living; Emerson and Matthew Arnold took to lecturing; Thoreau raised beans. It is quite within human understanding that even ten thousand Americans, most of them unknown to the tabloid press and all of them from twenty to thirty-five years of age, found it impossible to compress within 2,500 words sufficient wit, wisdom, ideas, and literary style to make essays on the subject "What Woodrow Wilson means to me" worth $25,000. But why, may I ask, did the Woodrow Wilson Foundation have to go to so much trouble and expense to find that out?

New York, January 2 GEORGE ALTGELD SCHWEPPE

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Punish Hearst?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial The Sewer System in American Journalism suggests the speculation whether there will be that eagerness to set in motion the criminal law of libel, now that the radical government in Mexico has been defamed, that there was when Carl de Fornaro fell afoul of the zealous prosecutor by publishing his "Diaz, Czar of Mexico, an arraignment—with an open letter to Theodore Roosevelt." Because he had delivered two dozen copies of this book to a New York bookdealer and stood prepared to publish more, he was convicted of criminally libeling one Espindola, a Mexican congressman and of course not a resident of this State. The question was whether the latter circumstance saved him from a criminal prosecution here. After conviction an application for a certificate of reasonable doubt was argued before Judge Seabury who held (65 Miscellaneous Reports 457) citing a line of cases from Lord Ellenborough down that the non-residence of the person libeled was immaterial, and Fornaro went to the Island for a year. This decision has never been qualified.

New York, December 26 B. T.

Quay's Ghost

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many years ago Henry Cabot Lodge undertook to coerce Congress into federal supervision of the election of members of Congress and Presidential electors. Southern Democrats characterized this measure as the "Force Bill," and the vote of one Senator from the North defeated it. That vote was cast by M. S. Quay.

Pennsylvania has come to inevitable retribution and a Republican Senator of Quay's type has, largely through the opposition of Southern Senators, been denied a seat in the Senate pending investigation and hearing of charges of excessive use of money to influence the primary election. Perhaps Quay opposed the Lodge bill because he did not want honest elections in his own State. But the Southern Democratic leaders who, through disfranchisement intrigue, have so perfected their political machinery as to enable them to simply take elections, are now trying Northern Republican Senators for using money to buy elections. And the Republican machine has become so corrupt that it cannot even look a Senator from Alabama or Mississippi in the face!

Two agencies control the Democratic Party in Alabama—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. Two agencies dominate the Republican Party in Indiana—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. This is the key to present-day Republican political cowardice in the North.

J. Thomas Heflin would be as good a Republican in Indiana as Senator Robinson or Watson. Either of the Indiana Republican Senators would find himself at home with the Ku Klux and Anti-Saloon League constituency of Alabama!

What is a Republican, anyway? Only "Coolidge and prosperity."

New York, January 3 JOSEPH C. MANNING

Sink All Submarines!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has the submarine any purpose other than for war use? If not, it seems to me but just and proper that when the bodies of those who lost their lives in the disaster off Cape Cod are rescued from the sunken submarine the boat be allowed to go to the bottom and all submarines made to follow as speedily as possible.

Muncie, Indiana, December 20 R. B. KERSEY

Honest Mr. Moore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If it is from *The Nation* that we are to get "honest journalism," God help us! I never subscribed to *The Nation.* Some old lady who, like you, knew more about China in New York than I did out in Shanghai in daily contact with the Nationalist leaders, sent it to me. The cause of liberalism is retarded by such dishonesty as yours.

Washington, D. C., January 2 FREDERICK MOORE

[*Mr. Moore will be recalled as a former New York* Times *correspondent in China who was later replaced by someone else.* —EDITOR THE NATION.]

Another Apostle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hardly ever agree with anything that you say or do but I cannot refrain from expressing my delight at the splendid way in which you "dished up" the Bruce Barton-Albert Shaw exploitation of the Savior of Man. If Barton and Shaw keep on, they will soon discover a Jesus that nobody will *want* to know.

New York, December 30 RALPH M. EASLEY,
Chairman, Executive Council, National Civic Federation

A Spinoza Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to increase interest in Spinoza and his philosophy the Spinoza Institute of America is being organized. Its program will include lectures, classes, and publication. Readers of *The Nation* interested in Spinoza or in an attempt to make Americans think are urged to communicate with the Provisional Secretary at 2 Pinehurst Avenue, New York.

New York, December 27 MALCOLM S. MASON

Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation,* is attending the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

FRANK L. PALMER, formerly editor of the Denver *Labor Advocate,* has been doing relief work in the strike field.

NEWMAN LEVY is a member of the New York bar and the author of "Opera Guyed" and other books.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is author of "Granite and Alabaster."

LOUIS GOTTSCHALK is professor of history at the University of Louisville.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE is professor of the history of early Christianity at the University of Chicago.

LENORE G. MARSHALL reviews for current newspapers and magazines.

ABBE NILES regularly reviews popular music and poetry for *The Nation.*

PAUL WEISS contributes philosophical articles to current magazines.

ANITA BRENNER has written several articles on Mexican art and customs for *The Nation.*

MAX EASTMAN, poet and critic, is the author among other volumes of "The Enjoyment of Poetry" and "Leon Trotzky."

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Books, Art, Plays

Awake Under Stars

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

O pitiful and unprotected mind
Guilty of such confusion and such waste
That even your housing breast and skull are laced
With blood of terror, did you think to find
For punishment, dismissal everywhere,
Proud stars arranging to arrest their courses
And fall upon your head like hoofs of horses?
And what are you that men and heaven should care?
The child that childhood lay in wait to kill
Bears flower often; and the spendthrift wealth,
Awkwardness beauty, ill condition health.
You are a child, a spendthrift, awkward, ill.
Look up and see that, even after all,
The star you feared still has all heaven to fall.

Napoleon's Clan

Napoleon and His Family: The Story of a Corsican Clan. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. $5.

Napoleon in Captivity: The Reports of Count Balmain, Russian Commissioner on the Island of St. Helena, 1816-1820. Translated and edited with Introduction and Notes by Julian Park. The Century Company. $3.

WITHOUT knowing anything about Mr. Geer except his writings, I venture to guess that he is one of the many gentlemen who have made a hobby of accumulating books on Napoleon Bonaparte but have never seriously studied history or had any careful training in historical method. If this is so, Mr. Geer differs from other gentlemen of the type in two respects at least: he does read his collection, and he can and does read French. These are highly commendable virtues, though they are not sufficient in themselves to make a good historian. What we have, then, in Mr. Geer's works is a rewriting of what is already well known to students of the French Revolution and Napoleon. The present volume, for example, is based very largely on the studies of Masson. It is not badly done; indeed, in some respects, it is very well done. But one feels that the time and money it cost might have been better spent in translating Masson directly. Lest it be inferred that the author has depended upon Masson exclusively, it is only fair to add that there is a bibliography and an impressive number of footnotes. The author, however, does not mention the works of Driault, which are the best of the recent studies on Napoleon, the excellent volumes by Pariset in Lavisse's "Histoire de France Contemporaine," the short biography by Fisher, which is the finest thing of its size, and some seven other authors whose works are important. But then, these were probably not in his library.

The book is an effort to show how Napoleon was motivated by family considerations in most of his important undertakings up to 1809. It does this only too well, with the result that one is forced to believe, if one takes the author's word for it, that Napoleon always was the dupe of his family's ambitions and that they seldom were the victims of his. Mr. Geer makes it appear that these incapable and petty brothers and sisters of the Emperor were hoisted to positions they did not merit because of Napoleon's sentimental and inbred loyalty to the "spirit of the clan." But it is more probable that Napoleon pushed them upward because it was good policy for him to establish his relatives in control of a series of buffer states. That they were incapable made it all the better for him, since he could then manage them more easily. He never gave principalities to the capable ones—Lucien and Madame Mère—whom he could not manage, and even took one away from incapable Louis when Louis became too balky. The chief merit of the book, nevertheless, is that it does present a good picture of the amount of family intrigue, its price in time and attention, and the drain it must have been upon the Emperor's pocket and patience. The book is freer from inaccuracies than Mr. Geer's earlier work, but one sentence must not be permitted to go unchallenged. "Rome," says Mr. Geer, in order to throw Napoleon's empire into sharper relief, "had imposed her power . . . on the barbarians, or semi-civilized peoples, who were destitute of culture, of laws, and of organization." Such a judgment of Greeks, Jews, Egyptians, Carthaginians, and King Mithradates is worthy only of Mr. Sherwood's Fabius Maximus.

Mr. Geer closes his book with the statement that "we know scarcely anything of the last three years of Napoleon's life." The memoirs of Saint Denis, one of Napoleon's servants at St. Helena (reviewed in these columns on March 28, 1923), and this new volume of reports by Count Balmain, capably edited by Professor Park, do much to fill in the lacuna. It is possible that even Emil Ludwig, had he been able to use this volume, would have been less severe in his strictures upon Sir Hudson Lowe. Balmain is by no means an admirer of Lowe. On the contrary, he makes it clear that Lowe was a narrow, meticulous, and over-conscientious man who managed to get himself disliked by everybody, including Balmain and the commissioners of the other European Powers. But he makes it very clear also that Lowe's seemingly groundless severity and unpleasantness were frequently due to the errors of his predecessor, the attitude of the home government, and the unyielding insistence of Napoleon that imperial honors be paid him upon an island where he was, after all, only a prisoner. If the situation was hard on Napoleon, as Balmain felt it was, he shows that it was equally hard on Lowe. Lowe was willing to make some hard-won concessions; Napoleon was unwilling to make any, even to avoid disease or death. In appointing Balmain, Nesselrode wrote: "An accurate journal kept up with care and regularity cannot fail to offer history material of great value." Balmain's journal is unfortunately not regular, though it is careful and therefore of great value. But to the publisher's claim on the jacket that "it is probably the last valuable piece of Napoleonic source material that will ever be published" we can only say, since about half of the letters of Napoleon believed to be in existence remain to be published, that we hope this is not true.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Feuchtwanger

The Ugly Duchess. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.50.

FEUCHTWANGER'S art centers in a double-barreled ability: he can wring a passion dry and vitally furnish forth a milieu. Beyond this his talents cannot carry him, a fact which his enthusiastic admirers, overcome with delight at the spectacle of a really first-class historical novelist, insist upon ignoring. In the complexities of human beings, in the nuances of emotion Feuchtwanger is not interested. He can dispense with these things; in fact, he must dispense with them if he is to devote all his energy to the effective development of his chosen passion and his chosen milieu. Following a convention almost inevitable in the historical novel, he draws his people in the flat; but his abstract passion and his milieu are projected with such completeness that they acquire a three-dimensional quality. This is his real significance, but it should not be

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mistaken for more than it is. Those who have loosely applied to him the term "great novelist" have simply been overwhelmed by the clarity with which he exposes his central emotion and the unconventionality with which he handles his setting.

In his two books so beautifully translated by Willa and Edwin Muir the central emotion is identical. It is the passion for power. Equally identical is the technique by which that passion is developed. In each case the technique is determined by a conflict between the passion which is interior and a handicap which is exterior. In Feuchtwanger's first book the hero was driven by a Napoleonic lust for physical and spiritual domination. But that lust was not a thing in itself; it was exerted as a compensation for a handicap, for Süss was a member of the despised tribe of Israel in eighteenth-century Württemberg. The tradition of subjection to which he is too arrogant to bow is at once the mainspring which sets in motion his overweening ambition and the trap in which that ambition is finally caught. In "The Ugly Duchess" cast and setting are changed, but the same forces are represented. Margarete of Tyrol is a woman "God had deprived of feminine charm that she might sink all the woman in the ruler." Süss was a Jew; Margarete is a human ape. The exterior handicap is similar and is productive of similar results. Margarete, inherently of course a woman of force and intelligence, in a subconscious endeavor to annihilate her own ugliness exerts all her sublimated energy in the business of governing, the acquisition of power, the outwitting of a hundred circumambient politicians. And just as Süss was ruined by the circumstance that he was a Jew, so Duchess Margarete is ruined by her ugliness. The world never forgives ugliness, for, though it may talk of it as an unfortunate accident, it instinctively condemns it as a sin. Thus Margarete's every act turns out ill; and her very victories, as over the beautiful Agnes von Flavon, become as dust and ashes in her simian mouth. Yet the degradations of Süss and Margarete differ; for Süss, though he meets with death, rises to a moving spiritual victory. The return to the bosom of his people is a glorious if brief pilgrimage. No such transfiguration takes place in the grimmer story of "The Ugly Duchess"; the horrible old woman with the frog-like skin, forced to renounce her glittering temporalities, retires to a porcine cloister and fills the last slow dull moments of her existence with the good smell of fried fish and the slothful luxury of sleep.

In "Power" the hero was not a subtle character. It was merely that the agility of his mind lent an apparent variety to his temperament. But Margarete is not subtle in any way. She is only intelligent and energetic. Accordingly Feuchtwanger is compelled to enlist our interest by his happy genius for reiteration. The central passion in Margarete's soul is developed so fully, the circumstances against which she strives are so multifarious and are so cunningly varied that we are swept off our feet, not so much by the woman herself (for her final tragedy is not emotionally climactic) as by the fierce energy of the abstract passion of defeated ambition which she embodies.

Yet it is not this talent which constitutes Feuchtwanger's originality but rather his unconventional treatment of a given social milieu, in this case the Holy Roman Empire of the fourteenth century. If one were asked to define his originality in a phrase one might say that he has applied a modern economic realism to the writing of historical fiction. In "Power," as in the present volume, he overthrows completely the glamor formula of Scott and Dumas. He jettisons the usual historical trappings, the pomp and circumstance, the adventitious charm of the past. His history is history, not legend. Himself a really competent historian, he has had the wit to see drama and excitement in the spectacle of economic ambition, the financial arrangements of princes and prelates, the rise of a modern money economy, the striving of class against class, the decay of a feudalism that rejects commerce. Feuchtwanger's elaborate exposition of the motives of his characters and his description of the subtle disguises in which economic greed cloaks itself are a hundred times more effective than the entire false kaleidoscope of the romantic cloak-and-sword fictioneers. It is this realistic comprehension of his milieu that is at once the strength and the weakness of his work. It is a weakness in that it overshadows our interest in the individual fates of his characters. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that this secondary element is so originally and intelligently handled as to establish Feuchtwanger's method without question above that of the classic historical novelists.

It should be added that the method shines to much better advantage in "Power" than in the present volume. "The Ugly Duchess" is weaker, more monotonous, and less vivid than its predecessor. In "Power" Feuchtwanger drew definite inspiration from his own racial connection with Süss. "The Ugly Duchess" bears more clearly the marks of a laborious and occasionally frigid absorption in a scene with which (except in the marvelous sketch of the Jew Mendel Hirsch) the author has but an intellectual sympathy.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Platonism and Christianity

Christ the Word. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. $4.

FOR several years past Mr. More has been engaged upon the study of what he terms "The Greek Tradition" from 399 B.C. to 451 A.D. The present is the fourth volume to appear in this series of studies. It covers approximately the last 350 years of the period under consideration and is an exposition of Greek-Christian speculations regarding the personality of Christ called the Logos, the Word. Hence the title of the volume.

Students of theology know that this is rough ground to traverse. It is littered with memories of conflicting church parties, each when in authority anathematizing the other for heresy. Zealous champions on both sides tell hideous tales to defame their opponents' character. Councils of high clergy indulge in bitter strife over the phrasing of creeds. A young presbyter just home from college says it is logically absurd to affirm that a son can be as old as his father, and therefore God the Father and God the Son cannot be co-eternal. For this he and his sympathizers are driven into exile. Christian preachers proclaim the absurdity of polytheism; there can be only one God. Yet they speak of God and Christ and the Holy Ghost in a way that certainly seems to imply belief in more than a single deity. In their battles over the question of monotheism versus tritheism the Greek theologians of the church strewed the terrain with verbal boulders which remain to bruise the feet of the historical explorer. It is a skilful traveler who can find his way safely past Homoousians, Homoiousians, Homoeans, Anomoeans, Monophysites, Dyotheletes, and their ilk.

Dr. More believes he has found the key to the labyrinth. Throughout the whole course of the theological debates he finds running one golden thread of truth. This is belief in the Incarnation, the coming of the divine into the human at a high point in history, the appearance of "Christ the Word." The entire range of ancient theological controversy is thought to center about the one fundamental problem of the authenticity, meaning, and consequences of the Incarnation. On this platform traditional orthodoxy and Platonism, the two foci of our author's loyalties, meet and largely coincide. Platonism provides the imagery of two worlds, the ideal and the material, where the stage is set for the redemptive descent of deity into the sphere of matter, and Christianity furnishes just the supernatural historical event needed by Plato to bridge the gap between his spiritual and his material world. This marriage between Platonic dualism and Christian supernaturalism becomes the happy union from which all true religion is descended. We are told that even today there is no other means for stemming the theatening tide of dissolution and materialism. Our world

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can be saved only by recapturing the religious idea of the Incarnation and making it a rallying point for the best thought of our time as it was for the best thought of antiquity.

Neither the method nor the conclusions of this book can pass today unchallenged. Supernaturalism, if not indeed Platonic dualism, seems to be going rapidly out of style, at least among people who are likely to concern themselves with the Greek tradition. The world of modern science is one vast universe so tremendous in dimensions as to leave little or no place for Plato's other world of immaterial patterns, from which truth descends upon mortals through the channels of some unique historical revelation like an incarnation. We believe nowadays that we have other and less artificial means of ascertaining truth and conserving the spiritual heritages bequeathed to us by our ancestors.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Personal Poetry

Steep Ascent. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Mrs. Untermeyer's are bitter berries. With but few exceptions she struggles with a single theme: to brace herself against onslaught, to assert her immaculate strength to bear, to live under the shadow of the moon, the thorn of the rose. Her heart is forsaken and hungry and importunate; in a dozen forms, always with a primitive directness, she reiterates what she says so briefly in Plain Statement:

> Here's the matter, stark and bland,
> Unbejewelled by words or phrases,
> Open-faced as meadowland
> Pied with daisies.
>
> You may stay or you may roam
> Circlewise in sinful mazes;
> I will still contain your home,
> Meed your praises.

Mrs. Untermeyer has an appealing clarity and moments of beauty. Her craftsmanship is precise and painstaking; it never covers her wounds or disguises her torn spirit:

> I cried for stone to hack and hew. . . .
> But I am the rock and the chisel, too.

The volume is an improvement over Mrs. Untermeyer's earlier verse, it is strong, it is passionate; but it is limited by the same intense egotism that has marked her other work. She writes of a human experience, of the common emotion of loneliness and desolation; yet her reaction is small and individual and her poems lack resonance and depth. "Steep Ascent" is well named. The ascent is steep indeed, but not the most arduous climbing will gain the summit unless the poet rises above personal frustration and pain.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Singing Miners

Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner. By George G. Korson. Frederick H. Hitchcock. $3.

SOME of the titles of these songs will serve in place of detailed description: When the Breaker Starts Up Full-Time, A Tramp Through Carbon County, The Old Miner's Refrain, The Miner's Doom, The Old D. & H. Gravity [Railroad], The Shoo-Fly [Mine], The Door Boy's Last Good-bye, The Avondale Mine Disaster, The Sugar Notch Entombment, The Knights of Labor Strike, The Mollie Maguires, Muff Lawler, The Squealer. No other collection of songs from the Pennsylvania hard-coal fields exists, and since the crowding out of the English and Irish miners has combined with new methods of operation to put an end to the semi-folk song of the district, Mr. Korson's work comes not a moment too early. However, a student of the mines and their history would find more nourishment between these covers than a lover of songs for their own sake. Tunes are not given, and the verse is generally pretty thin stuff for any purpose save that of depicting a cruelly dreary and hopeless manner of life. For the most part it is the work of members of a definite class of miner-minstrels who roamed the fields in the last century, and the compiler's remarkable industry and enthusiasm has enabled him in many cases to trace songs back to their actual authors, search the latter out, and obtain authorized versions with which to compare the variants resulting from mouth-to-mouth transmission.

It is noteworthy how little these variants depart from the originals, since the fact suggests that the songs, which among American Negroes or English peasants would have sustained many transmissions and consequently flowered into widely different versions, may have been largely left by the miners to their professional bards. Three Irish character-ballads have real flavor: Felix O'Hare's The Shoo-Fly, Con Carbon's Gossip in a Street Car, and Edward Foley's Mining in the Barroom; the latter—a satire on the off-hours braggart—elaborates on precisely the same jibe as that conveyed by the terms "hotel mezzanine flying" and "parlor aviation" which did heavy service about the flying camps in 1918. Mostly the songs are somewhat flat. Their mildness is probably due less to expurgation than to the fact that the majority were written before they were sung; although I catch Bowdler redhanded in My Sweetheart's a Mule in the Mines, which in its native state is a limerick worth knowing. Mr. Korson's work has been loving and exhaustive and his text is an admirable example of intelligent research. It is hoped that he will continue to pursue balladry, perhaps into richer departments than that of the anthracite mines.

ABBE NILES

Perception's Glassy Essence

Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect. By A. N. Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

WHEN the moderns revolted from what they took to be the unjustified and paradoxical results of German idealism, salvation seemed to lie in a thoroughgoing empiricism. No more was common sense to be forsaken; no more was immediate experience to be ignored. But it was necessary first to lay forever those specters which had haunted and eventually crushed the English School—solipsism and skepticism. The first arose when experience was viewed as essentially personal and internal; the second when it was taken as being made up of isolated elements combined arbitrarily, without objective counterpart. Most of the epistemological work of the last decade has been devoted, with but little success, to new analyses of the content of experience in the hope that immediate principles of connection and objectivity might be disclosed.

Harassed empiricists may now find a way of escape in some such examination of perception as Professor Whitehead makes. He holds that there are two independent modes by which an external world is disclosed as related to the individual. The first and most primitive is the perception by the organism that it is being determined by the past and that its present behavior, in part, conforms to it. All organisms recognize "causal efficacy," the "hand of the settled past in the formation of the present," thus acknowledging concrete time not as pure succession (which is an abstraction) but as a process of conformation to what has gone before. The second, "presentational immediacy," reveals an actual, causally independent world, related to us spatially and constituted by entities as real as ourselves. This type of perception is the property of higher organisms only, by which they discover contemporary things as objective in their

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experience. The two modes are connected through the medium of symbolic reference, which is an activity determined by the individual, correlating the actualities disclosed in each mode by means of the sense data and the spatial and temporal locations that they have in common. Knowledge of an external world is essentially symbolic, using the data presented in one of the modes as a sign for those in the other; and instead of being merely passive, involves the active fusion of a spatialized world with a temporal one.

Skepticism and solipsism are thus avoided, for the acknowledgment of causal efficacy is taken to be more primitive than the recognition of disembodied sense data, while the perception of a spatial world is viewed as the always acknowledged ground from which these elements are abstracted. But "Symbolism" is only a partial rendering of the situation, for no attempt is made to distinguish conceived from physical space and time, and thus the objects of imagination from those of perception. It is primarily a description of types of awareness, and a submission to the faith which practical behavior demands. But a philosophy cannot rest with the data of any science or yield to the historically primitive, though that may be the better part of animal wisdom. It is science itself that wants a reason, and a philosophy which builds on that material, instead of embracing the whole world, begs its whole question. Though the principles of universal connection are unquestionably manifested in every fragment of experience, that universality and necessity can be demonstrated only by a recourse to a higher ground; for experience never indicates what must be or just what its conditions are. To overlook this is to run the risk of confounding an irrational faith and a practical prejudice with what is not only primitive but necessary. Perhaps in the coming Clifford Lectures Professor Whitehead will discuss these issues, making the present criticism anticipatory; "Symbolism" would then be not only an effective reply to atomistic views, though begging a sanction of its own, but a symbol of a new and satisfactory epistemology yet to come.

PAUL WEISS

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn. Simon and Schuster.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Right to be Happy. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. Harper.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
Gallions Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
Jalna. By Mazo De La Roche. Little, Brown.
Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann. Holt.

Books in Brief

Literary Blasphemies. By Ernest Boyd. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, Poe, Whitman, Henry James, and Hardy by a critic who in previous volumes had made a mordant name for himself. Here he attacks the stupidity of those unimportant people who suppose any great writer to have been a perfect one. The game is easy, but in the course of pursuing it Mr. Boyd is frequently amusing, suggestive, and unanswerable. He is most often wrong in his discussion of poets. His account of Milton, for instance, is quite as absurd as that of any of the idolaters he despises.

Robert Frost. By Gorham B. Munson. The Murray Hill Biographies. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Useful for the information it contains concerning the reticent author of "North of Boston," Mr. Munson's little book is nevertheless undistinguished as criticism and meager as biography. Short as it is, it gives the impression of having been greatly padded.

The True History of the Conquest of Mexico. Written in the Year 1568 by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, and translated by Maurice Keatinge. Introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith. The Argonaut Series. Robert M. McBride Company. Two volumes. $10.

A handsome reprint of Prescott's chief source for "The Conquest of Mexico." The translation first appeared in London in 1800.

English Poetry between Chaucer and Surrey. Examples of Conventional Secular Poetry in the Period from Henry IV to Henry VIII. Edited by Eleanor Prescott Hammond. Duke University Press. $6.50.

The hero of this anthology is Lydgate—which suggests how dull most of the contents are. Yet it is a valuable work of reference for students of literary history, who will find that the labors of the editor have been done with exhaustive care and with excellent sense.

The Gateway to American History. By Randolph G. Adams. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

The librarian of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan discusses in lantern-slide fashion a collection of highly interesting engravings which he reproduces for the reader out of old volumes dealing with the exploration and settlement of North America.

Art

The Mexican Primitives

SAYS a Spanish missionary's account of the Aztec metal craftsmen: "They are very careful to consider what animal they wish to imitate; how its being and its aspect must be represented. . . . For example, if they wish to fashion a turtle, they make its shell, in which it can move, from the bottom of which its head looks out and from which its four feet extend and move about . . . for that which is made must resemble the original and have life."

It is with this temper, and this view, that the modern Mexican artists have set about refashioning the Mexican tradition. The want and the need to go back to things of the land, people native to it, values formed within it—this is the impulse of their revolution in art. They have set about repudiating the imported manner which again and again, since the Spanish conquest, has gone barren in transplantation. By painting murals destined for public possession, and by painting those murals with native subjects and, most of all, in the mood and with the plastic materials of native given subjects, they reclaim, as most worthy the ancient presence of monumental art, public art derived physically, emotionally, from the land and its brown people.

The exhibitions at the Art Center and the Weyhe Gallery give but a slight index of the results. For that the great painted walls are necessary. The material on view, however, can give the mood, the impulse, the viewpoint, the direction of this new and powerful American culture.

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Necessarily these artists are on quite another plane than ours; deliberately they are forming their art with a viewpoint and a manner not that of modern Europe. They have important subjects; it is their problem to make the painting, the rendering, as strong as the subjects, and in "considering their being" the representation is not a likeness but a transposal of the full emotional qualities of the subjects into fully as emotional qualities in the sheer painting itself. In this sense their work must "resemble the original." Above all, it must have life.

So well did they succeed in giving the unquiet, the tremendously powerful, dynamic, creative quality of Mexican life and Mexican art—traditionally indivisible—that their first murals, painted in 1922, were stoned. There is distinguished precedent for such response. The official arbiters of art, in Mexico, have since the conquest fearfully destroyed, futilely disregarded, the products of native artists. These arbiters would tolerate a picturesque Indian; but a real Indian, stripped of the picturesque, with his full potency made manifest—he is too strange, too strong, too unabashedly unpretty, too much possessed of terrible beauty.

Deliberately, also, this art has been made not to salon requirements. It has the weight, the drive of many generations and of many unknown artists. It has the great assertion of men beginning again, recreating, caring not to please but to build solidly with truth.

This is genuinely American art. It is also genuinely modern. Monumental art, these men say, belongs in a time of monumental building and achievement. For the first time, too, here is a glimpse, outside Mexico, of the real Mexico, a Mexico beyond the theatrical and much more than picturesque. It may prove wholly a pleasure; or violently a shock. It cannot be ignored.

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

Heart to Heart

THOSE schoolmasters who escape being merely hard-boiled seem subject to a peculiar malady in the course of which they get into the habit of yearning over their pupils and begin to fancy themselves in the role of sympathetic father. Developing a fondness for the "heart-to-heart talk," they rub their hands over "the problems of adolescence," and in the advanced stages of the disease they not infrequently address certain of their young charges as "laddie." The two phases of puerile sexuality—calf-love on the one hand and dirty talk on the other—begin to interest them even more, if such a thing be possible, than they interest their pupils, and if something is not done to arrest the course of the disease they will soon be giving Chapel Talks on Sunday evenings or writing a book about What Every Young Man Ought to Know. They batten upon intimate confessions, and they deserve more often than they get the retort said to have been vouchsafed a religious worker in one of the Eastern universities who stopped a student on the campus to ask if he was ever "troubled by evil thoughts." "No," said the youth when he had recovered from his astonishment, "I think I enjoy 'em!"

Now, no one would have suspected from John Van Druten's "Young Woodley" that its author was that sort of schoolmaster. The play seemed to escape both the maudlin emotionalism of the professional father and the smarty condescension of the Booth Tarkington school. It managed to do justice to the feelings of the youth without sacrificing an adult perspective; and it seemed to mean something. But whether because he was too much praised for his "understanding" or because of some more obscure reason, Mr. Van Druten seems to have gone completely soft, and his new play, "Diversion" (Forty-ninth Street Theater), is scarcely more than a parody of the former one. His hero—this time a young man recently out of college—falls lyrically in love with a fast-living actress and kills her when she says that she is done with him. He is provided with a marvelously sympathetic father who is always yearning for a heart-to-heart talk and who, when a passionate discourse upon the theme "it is only her body you want" fails to avert the catastrophe, gives the young man poison in order to save his neck from the rope. The scenes between father and son seem to constitute the author's only excuse for retelling, without any original variations, one of the cheapest and most hackneyed stories known to the stage; and that excuse is by no means adequate.

The play alternates between the lurid and the maudlin. It is sometimes unconvincingly melodramatic, sometimes sloppily sentimental; it could not under any circumstances be made very effective, for the simple reason that no amount of yearning over youth could keep an audience from concluding that this particular lad was more of an ass than even a young man in love with an actress has any excuse for being. Doubtless cases have been known where a man strangled a woman to death for no other reason than that she refused to spend the night with him, but the action seems to me a somewhat excessive expression of the pardonable irritation aroused by the refusal, and when the hero of "Diversion" does just this I see no reason for believing that his behavior is either usual under the circumstances or the evidence of any unusual fineness of soul. A sympathetic character does not, of course, have to be perfect, but it is rather difficult to make a hero out of a fool. Richard Bird's interpretation of the central character is probably the one justified by the text, but he seems much less a young Londoner of twenty-four than a pettish adolescent of sixteen. One merely wonders that the actress tolerated him as long as she did.

"Cock Robin" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is designed for those persons, like myself, who are perfectly willing to enjoy a mystery play provided the authors give us half a chance. As the title indicates, the plot is concerned with the conventional question, "Who killed——?" but the authors have managed both to keep within the bounds of the remotely possible and to create characters solid enough to produce an illusion of life. The setting—back-stage before and during the performance of an amateur play—is novel, the unraveling of the mystery is ingenious, and, all in all, "Cock Robin" is the most entertaining play of the sort which I have seen this season. John Howard Lawson's "International" is the best of the pieces given this season at the Playwright's Theater, and if it be objected that this does not sound like superlative praise I can only reply that I did not mean that it should. Attempting to give in a sort of futuristic shorthand the story of a world-wide communist uprising, it is sometimes painfully heavy footed, but sometimes illuminated with those moments of an uncanny power of which Mr. Lawson has before now shown himself capable. In spite of a pretty bad production it is distinctly worth seeing because of the glimpses which it gives of the play Mr. Lawson may yet some day write. "A Free Soul" (Playhouse) is a crude piece about a gambler who, after the manner of black-sheep heroes in melodrama, compounds the sin he is inclined to by assuming an obstreperously high moral tone in respect to everything else—especially female virtue.

At the Cosmopolitan Theater the Max Reinhardt company demonstrated its exquisite gift for pantomime in a gay production of Goldoni's "Servant of Two Masters," with Hermann Thimig in the lively role of Truffaldino. At the New Amsterdam Marilyn Miller and the delightfully amusing Jack Donahue have an admirable vehicle for their dancing and singing in "Rosalie," put on by Mr. Ziegfeld with great splendor of costume and scenery. The music is by Sigmund Romberg and George Gershwin; and there seems to be no reason why the show should not have a long run.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Last Words of Adolph Joffé

By MAX EASTMAN

THE change of personnel and policy in the Bolshevik Government since Lenin died has found a tragic symbol in the suicide of Adolph Joffé. Joffé was one of the strongest and ablest of the men surrounding Lenin in the revolutionary days. Like Rakovsky he was trained to be a physician. He was a man of serene strength and courage. He gave his whole life to the Communist movement, taking an active part in the revolution of 1905, and serving his time, not only in prison but at hard labor in Siberia. In the October revolution and the fighting days which followed Joffé played a major role. He was among the leaders of the Military Revolutionary Committee, which, according to some accounts, accomplished the transfer of power in Petrograd before the actual insurrection. And he was chosen by Lenin for the two first and most critically important diplomatic posts to be occupied by a Bolshevik—the chairmanship of the delegation to Brest-Litovsk and the ambassadorship in Berlin. He was one of the delegates to the Genoa Conference, and he was subsequently the Russian envoy in Japan.

Joffé put a pistol to his temple and shot himself on the sixteenth of last November. He was only forty-four years old. He left a letter to Trotzky beside him on the table, explaining his act. The letter was seized by Stalin's police when they entered the room. It was "confiscated," and that copy was never delivered to Trotzky. But Joffé had evidently not left this final matter to chance. The letter, which is a political as well as a human document of importance, is now being published in every country except Russia. I give it here, with some slight omissions of detail:

TO LEON TROTZKY

DEAR LEON DAVIDOVICH,

All my life I have thought that the man of politics ought to know how to go away at the right time, as an actor quits the stage, and that it is better to go too soon than too late.

More than thirty years ago I embraced the philosophy that human life has meaning only to the degree that, and so long as, it is lived in the service of something infinite. For us humanity is infinite. The rest is finite, and to work for the rest is therefore meaningless. Even if humanity too must have a purpose beyond itself, that purpose will appear in so remote a future that for us humanity may be considered as an absolute infinite. It is in this and this only that I have always seen the meaning of life. And now, taking a glance backward over my past, of which twenty-seven years were spent in the ranks of our party, it seems to me that I have the right to say that during *all* my conscious life I have been faithful to this philosophy. I have lived according to this meaning of life: work and struggle for the good of humanity. I think I have the right to say that not a day of my life has been meaningless.

But now, it seems, comes the time when my life loses its meaning and in consequence I feel obliged to abandon it, to bring it to an end.

For several years now the present heads of our party, in accordance with their general policy of not giving work to Communists of the Opposition, have given me neither political nor soviet work whose scope and character would permit me to be useful to the maximum of my capabilities. During the past year, as you know, the Politburo has completely cut me off, as an oppositionist, from any political work.

My health has kept on getting worse. About the twentieth of September, for reasons unknown to me, the Medical Commission of the Central Committee summoned me to an examination by specialists, who informed me categorically that the state of my health was much worse than I supposed, and that I must not stay another useless day in Moscow nor remain another hour without treatment, but go abroad immediately and enter an appropriate sanatorium.

To my direct question, "What chances have I to get well abroad, and can I take care of myself in Russia without giving up my work?" the physicians and assistants, the practicing doctor of the Central Committee, Comrade Abrossov, another Communist physician, and the director of the Kremlin hospital, all answered simply that the Russian sanatoria could help me in no way, that I must rely upon treatment in the West. They added that if I followed their instructions, they had no doubt that I would be able to work for a prolonged period.

For about two months the Medical Commission of the Central Committee (in spite of having on its own initiative ordered the consultation) took no steps either toward my stay abroad or toward my treatment here. On the contrary, the Kremlin pharmacy, which had always delivered remedies to me according to the prescriptions, was forbidden to do it. I was, in fact, deprived of the help of free medicines, which I had always enjoyed. I was obliged to buy the medicines that were indispensable in the pharmacies of the city. It seems that this took place at the time when the group in power began to visit on the comrades of the Opposition its policy of "Hit the Opposition in the belly."

As long as I was well enough to work I paid little attention to all this, but as I kept getting worse my wife approached the Medical Commission of the Central Committee and personally Dr. Semashko, who has always, publicly, gone to extremes to realize his formula "Save the old guard." The matter was nevertheless constantly adjourned, and all that my wife was able to obtain was an extract of the decision of the council of physicians. In this extract my chronic maladies are enumerated, and it is set down that the council insists on my being sent abroad "to a sanatorium of the type of Professor Friedlander's" for a period that may extend to one year.

Meanwhile, nine days ago I went definitely to bed, on account of the acuteness and the aggravation (as always happens in such circumstances) of all my chronic ailments, and especially the most terrible, my inveterate polyneuritis, which has again become acute, forcing me to endure an absolutely intolerable pain and even preventing me from walking. For nine days I have been without any treatment, and the question of my trip abroad has not been taken up. Not one of the physicians of the Central Committee has come to see me. Professor Davidenko and Dr. Levine, being called to my bedside, prescribed a few trifles which obviously could do me no good, and then admitted that "nothing could be done," and that a trip abroad was indispensably urgent. Dr. Levine told my wife that the affair was dragging because the Medical Commission evidently thought that my wife wanted to go with me, and "that makes it too expensive." My wife answered that, in spite of the sad state I was in, she decidedly did not insist that she or anyone else accompany me. Whereupon Dr. Levine assured us that, under these conditions, the matter would soon be settled. Dr. Levine repeated to me today that the doctors could do nothing, that the only resource was immediate departure abroad. Then in the evening the physician of the Central Committee, Comrade Potiomkin, notified my wife that the Medical Commission of the Central Committee had decided not to send me abroad but to care for me in Russia. The reason was that the specialists

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insisted on a prolonged treatment abroad, deeming a short stay futile, and that the Central Committee would only give for my cure a maximum of one thousand dollars, and found it impossible to give more.

While abroad recently I received an offer guaranteeing me twenty thousand dollars in royalties for my memoirs, but [considering that they would have to be censored by the Politburo and] knowing how the history of the party and of the revolution is falsified in our country, I did not consider it possible to lend a hand to such a falsification. The entire censorship of the Politburo would consist of not allowing a true evaluation of the personages and their acts, either on one side or the other—either of the authentic leaders of the revolution or of those who at present find themselves invested with this dignity. In consequence I see no way to get treatment without receiving money from the Central Committee, which, for all my revolutionary work of twenty-seven years, thinks it possible to value my life and my health at a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars.

That is why I say that the time has come when it is necessary to bring this life to an end. I know that the general opinion of the party is opposed to suicide, but I believe that none of those who understand my situation will condemn me for it. If I were in good health I should have found strength and energy to struggle against the situation created in the party. But in my present state I cannot endure a situation in which the party silently tolerates *your exclusion from its ranks*, even though I am absolutely certain that sooner or later a crisis will come which will oblige the party to cast off those who have led it to such a disgrace. In this sense my death is *a protest* against those who have led the party to a situation such that it cannot react in any way to this opprobrium.

If I may be permitted to compare something big with something little, I will say that the immensely important historical event, your exclusion and that of Zinoviev, an exclusion which must inevitably open a period of Thermidor in our revolution, and the fact that I am reduced, after twenty-seven years of revolutionary work at responsible posts in the party, to a situation where I have nothing left but to put a bullet through my head—these two facts illustrate one and the same thing—the present regime in our party. And perhaps the two events, the little and the big one together, will jar the party awake and halt it on the road leading to Thermidor.

Dear Leon Davidovich, we are bound together by ten years of work in common and, I hope, of personal friendship, and that gives me the right to tell you, at the moment of farewell, what seems to me to be a weakness in you.

I have never doubted the correctness of the way you have pointed out, and you know that for more than twenty years, ever since the "Permanent Revolution," I have been with you. But I have always thought that you lacked the inflexibility, the intransigence, of Lenin, his resolution to remain at the task alone, if need be, in the road that he had marked out, sure of a future majority, of a future recognition by all of the rightness of that road. You have always been right politically, beginning with 1905, and I have often told you that with my own ears I have heard Lenin admit that in 1905 it was not he, but you, who were right. In the face of death one does not lie, and I repeat this to you now.

But you have often renounced your right position in favor of an agreement, a compromise, whose value you overestimated. That was wrong. I repeat: politically you have always been in the right, and *now more than ever you are in the right.* Some day the party will understand this, and history be forced to recognize it.

Moreover, don't be afraid today if certain ones desert you, and especially if the many do not come to you as quickly as we all wish. You are in the right, but the certainty of the victory of your truth lies precisely in a strict intransigence, in the most severe rigidity, in the repudiation of every compromise, exactly as that was always the secret of the victories of Ilyitch.

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I have often wanted to tell you this, and have only brought myself to it now, at the moment of saying goodby.

I wish you energy and courage equal to those you have always shown, and a swift victory. I embrace you. Goodby.

Your A. JOFFÉ

P. S. I wrote my letter during the night between the fifteenth and sixteenth, and today, the sixteenth, Marie Mikhailovna went to the Medical Commission to insist on their sending me abroad, if only for one or two months. They answered her that in the opinion of the specialists a short stay abroad was absolutely useless. They told her that the Medical Commission had decided to transfer me immediately to the Kremlin hospital. Thus they refuse me even a short trip for the sake of my health, even though all the doctors agree that a cure in Russia is of no use and will do me no good.

Goodby, dear Leon Davidovich. Be strong. You will need to be, and energetic, too. And bear me no grudge. A.

Plain Speaking at Havana

THE following appeal, addressed to the delegates to the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, is supposed to have been responsible for the suppression by the police, on the day of President Coolidge's address, of the January issue of *Atueri:*

LATIN-AMERICAN DELEGATES:

Coolidge—the statesman who, forgetting the principles of his own country's Constitution and defying public opinion, orders the annihilation of a brother people—is speaking the mellifluous language of Wall Street. Will you not reply, even if contrary to the will of those who appointed you, with the tragic word of "Ocotal" and speak with the firm voice of twenty nations created in the shadow of the sword?

. . . If you prefer to yield comfortably to your rulers, if you refuse the imperative mandate of the millions of serfs bent under the labor which enriches the Yankee, there will arise *tomorrow in a thousand parts of America unknown Sandinos* to defend your positions and to create the indispensable unity; they will wrest the land from its masters, open the doors of America to humanity, and create a real brotherhood between the men of the North and those of the South. For your own good, start the revolution! Ask the Yankee to recognize the right of our countries to unite, which today he denies or hinders; paralyze immediately the military movements against the "bandits" of Nicaragua, who are as great as Washington and Bolivar; assert the absolute independence of Porto Rico; abolish the avowed Platt Amendment in Cuba and the tacit Platt Amendment which binds Indo-America; demand the internationalization of the Panama Canal; force Chile and Peru to cede Tacna and Arica to Bolivia, which needs them; suppress, with an equal spirit of justice, all source of discord between the fraternal peoples and ask the noble people of the United States to cut the claws of the Wall Street brokers, to stop the abuses, to apply lynch law not to the Negroes but to the bankers who foment revolutions in Mexico to obtain petroleum and in the rest of America to collect loans and control our finances.

. . . The moment is decisive. Yankee diplomacy has declared itself the servant of imperialism in the face of the world. *The Caribbean Doctrine, which the United States is defending* not only against us but against Europe itself, demands the recognition of the right of the United States to guarantee by itself the life and property of its subjects in the entire zone between its Mexican border and the Panama Canal. . . . If you consent to this now, tomorrow the Caribbean Doctrine will be extended to all our peoples. If you consent, you are lost. You should initiate our revolution in this conference or proclaim outside it, after dissolving, the complete collapse of Pan-Americanism.

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